FIRST EDITION

3vols

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EDGAR:

A NATIONAL TALE.

By MISS APPLETON,

AUTHOR OF PRIVATE EDUCATION, &c.

God and my Right.

Edward III. King of England.

.. .. .. Man he made, and for him built,
Magnificent, this world, and Earth his seat,
Him Lord pronounced;.. .. ..
Subjected to his service, angel-wings,
And flaming ministers, to watch and tend
Their earthly charge.

Milton. Paradise Lost, b. ix.

To you a Father should be as a God,
One that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax
By him imprinted; and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.

Shakespeare. Mids. Night's Dream.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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TO

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE

PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES,

AND OF

SAXE COBOURG SAALFELD.

MADAM,

Permit a subject to approach the throne of England, and to lay at the feet of its heir, her exertions in the cause of Virtue; in the cause of Man; in the cause of Princes.

In the work I presume to address to your Royal Highness, my aim has been to fire a breast with a brighter glow of loyalty; to raise a mind to higher exaltation in its sense of piety and virtue, and to register another tribute to the memory of two of the greatest Princes

that ever wielded the sceptre in England, or administered to the government of her possessions in France.

But neither the ardent affection that beats within me towards this my noble country, nor the faithful and imperishable attachment I bear the great Princes of the reigning dynasty, who, under the God of England, have still further increased her grandeur—increased it to a height before unknown;—neither of these has been my inducement to the intruding of these volumes into the royal presence—it originated in the form and nature of the work itself, written as it has been, in the idea of establishing a more distinct branch in fictitious literature than has yet been attempted; and as, with us, the native monarchs and princes are our parents, our patrons, and the promoters of every design, however humble, for the advancement of art and science, so I, in common with this glorious nation, dare to make my respectful claim to the gracious smile of encouragement, which, for centuries, has not been withholden from the faithful subject, and the anxious and industrious artist.

It becomes me not at such a moment to make allusions to the event that has in its importance fixed the attention of all Europe, and which in the brightness of its prospects, swells the heart of every Briton with joy—but I cannot resist the delight of joining my feeble voice to that of my countrymen, and of petitioning heaven to bless with its choicest gifts the union of England's beloved Princess, with a Prince of the illustrious and long cherished House of Saxony.

I am,

MADAM,

With the highest respect,

Your Royal Highness's

Most humble and most dutiful servant,

ELIZABETH APPLETON.

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TO THE PUBLIC.

When I first conceived the idea of writing a fictitious work, I resolved upon giving it such a form as might secure it from the appellation of *Novel.* My object was consequently to seek out some respectable foundation for a word which might convey the meaning attached to *moral fiction;* and I so far succeeded, as to produce a word,* and an apology to the public for having built my work upon the principles which I myself had therein established. But when the whole was completed and I was prepared to usher the work, with its new title, and apology into the world, it was suggested to me by some friends, that the public might not think fit to give its sanction to such innovation, without some previous intimation of the design.

I have therefore, for the present, abandoned

* Epicast. ἔπος and *castus,* chaste narration.

doned my intention, and in the title-page, have used the word *Tale*, which, however vague in its meaning, is sufficiently authorized by general use.

It remains for the public alone to determine, whether these volumes are worthy of a higher rank in literature than that of a *Novel*, or whether from any merit of sentiment, imagery, or moral, they may be found to possess, the Author may venture to place them in the station assigned, perhaps, with too great partiality, between poetry and prose.

London,
June 4, 1816.

EDGAR.

BOOK I.

THE PROEM.

HAIL, my Country! thou England greatly superb aud generously tender—guardian of liberty, protector of innocence;—thou who hast for ages immemorial succoured the oppressed, subdued the proud, and wept on the fallen. Fair isle, which hast a tear for every misery, a hero for every exploit, a heart for every sentiment; whose smile is caught up with extacy by surrounding empires, and whose frown causes nations to tremble. Sweet Albion, I salute thee!

And thou Precept, child of virtue, without whose influence the soul of man degenerates from its noble purpose; thou who alone drawest the line between civilized man and savage, I bow to thy supreme influence, and I hail thee!

I would chaunt thy renown of old, my Country; Precept, I would tell of thy power; angel of virtue, guide my pen, and genius of England, do thou inspire me!

Elgiva, the beauteous lady of the Earl of Mercia, paced the broad ramparts of Restormal Castle,[1] the noble palace which rose within a mile of the pretty town of Lestwythiel in Cornwall. The night was cold, and the dews of heaven gathered round her tender face; but still she heeded them not. At times she stopped and addressed the centinel below. "Dost thou hear the trampling of horses, my friend?" The honest Briton glowed in the sound of his benefactress's voice: he suddenly halted, tossed back the obtruding lock of hair, and strained his generous senses to catch one sound. "No, my lady," he slowly answered.—She sighed and measured back her steps. "What seest thou, my Elgiva?" enquired her anxious Earl. "The light flits away so fast, my lord, that I trust not to vision. If mine ear be not faithless, all is silent, save the clock[2] that chimes the hour of curfew: but once more I will

will try." "Go then, my life," said the Earl, "but not ar. I would accompany thee, but that I might encumber thy path in the twilight—thou rememberest I am blind, my Elgiva!" "My lord, I remember full well, and glory in my husband's honours. I recollect the battles he has fought, and the wounds that have scarred his noble visage. I recollect the great king he has served, and the fame he has won. I remember, I reverence, and I love." "Generous, most generous of women!" returned the prince, and he passed a hand across his sightless orbs to brush the tear which mantled to his furrowed cheek. The Countess pressed his hand, and bent forward to listen.—"Hush! surely that sound, my lord—yes—I hear the tread of horses." She started from the castle entrance.—"Yes, 'tis my son, my lord, 'tis our Edgar." The centinel gave a blast; it was re-echoed back. The gates unclosed, the steed proudly neighed, and rushed onward to the well known spot: Edgar leaped from his back, and in a moment flung himself at the feet of the tenderest of parents, who

clasped him by turns, and in silence, to their bosom.

Creation! lend thy fairest images, and we will cull from them every beauty, every loveliness, every smile. Then may we paint to the truth, the opening beauty of the young Prince Edgar.

The azure of heaven's brightest arch stained his large and sparkling vision. The fire of his gaze was tempered by the long dark silken fringe by which it was encircled: the whitest marble was less pure than his innocent and spotless forehead, and ethereal blue of the temple sat in graceful harmony between the polished front and glowing downy cheek. The aquiline nose bespoke its dignity, and the vermillion strawberry of the wood is less beauteous in colour and fragrance, than was his smiling lip. Little kid of the mountain, thy youthful mother has fed thee with the sweetest of milk; the soft herbage has never yet kissed thy snowy tooth, whiter even than snow;—but the tooth of Edgar was whiter and more enamelled than thine —the expression nature had stamped on his

his features was the gratitude of the lily, which drooping under the gaze of a meridian sun, suddenly listens to the whisper of a dewy zephyr, which says that he is fled. Chesnut ringlets fell profuse on his fine turned shoulder, and a portly air gave promise of strength in his manly stature.

Thus and more lovely was Edgar Atheling. Heaven had blessed him in a tender heart and a magnanimous soul; with unskilful management these gifts might have languished, but Edgar had parents. Fifteen summers had passed over his head ere he quitted his paternal mansion: the sixteenth enlightened his studious hours in the college of the great Alfred. For twelve months he had not kneeled to his noble father, or embraced the most deserving of mothers:—the time was expired; and not more eager is the young fawn to pursue its dam which bounds from it in the chace, than was his impatient sight to meet the objects of his filial and duteous love.

Excess of joy during several minutes held them mute. Nature smote the tenderest heart, and the mother wept: her son

raised her soft hand to his lip, and felt it moistened with his own delight. The Earl clasped his hands with fervour. "And is," said he, "my own child restored? Does the same youth stand before me who quitted his paternal roof one year since—the same in virtue—in promise?" "Oh, my father," replied Edgar, "the same I hope in anxiety for virtue; in misdeeds not more guilty.—I have erred, but my preceptor permitted me to embrace my father." "Then all is well," cried Mercia, "and thou art indeed my son—accept, gracious heaven, of my humble praise."—"Rise, my Elgiva, the supper[3] waits our attendance. Edgar, thine arm to lead forward—how must thy form be expanded, my child, for much is my staff raised, since I last pressed it."

The Countess led the way to the spacious and illumined hall.[4] She flung open the door, and with a sparkling eye pointed to the darling of her vassals, who was carefully supporting the chief that they adored. A thousand voices rang with acclamations—the old and the young rushed to seize the hand

hand that the happy youth held to them; some embraced his knees, some kissed his mantle, whilst others looked up to invoke blessings on his head. The great father of heat collects his proud beams, and heaven weeps. He relents, and again sends them forth to illumine the planet. Earth smiles and glistens, whilst gratitude catches the soft homage and paints it on an arched cloud—so tender was the joy of Edgar.

The tumult at length subsided. The youth respectfully led his father to the seat at the upper end of the central table—he seated the Countess who had stood fixed in maternal pride, gazing upon him, and then conducted the oldest men to the principal places,[5] and took his station among the young. The Earl stood;—"are my friends arranged?"—"They are, my lord."—He then slowly repeated a short prayer, waited till the meanest was seated, and then indulged himself.

Three tables of an hundred feet in length were filled with guests. The pure flocks of British sweet pasture; the bleating calf which had two days before, bounded among

wild thyme and marjorum of the southern mountain; the fine ox that had tossed his dainty head at the tenderest blade—all had bent to the necessity of man. They graced the hospitable board, submissive to the lord of creation. The sweet-breathing cow refused not her share of nutriment; bowls of the richest cream and milk, with the most healthful roots, and, above all, the staff of life from the least and most generous of plants, were added in noble profusion. No one needed solicitation; no heart would wrong the host, or draw a crimson blush of shame on the cheek of the young Baron, by desiring an assurance of welcome. Edgar watched his father.—"Heed me not, my son," returned he; "fill the spacious goblet; send round the enlivening mead; broach the jocund ale, and let merriment shake the vaulted roof."

Swiftly is the order obeyed. The fermented liquor mantles headlong to the surface, and turbulently hisses over the brim; the lip stoops down to kiss the pretty anger, and quells its bubbling rage. Now burst the toasts around. Our brave King Edward;

ward; the invincible heir-apparent the Black Prince — the gracious Queen Philippa — our noble host—rang in peals of honest enthusiasm.

And now broke forth the laugh—the jest—old veterans stroked the beard, and let loose deeds of old. Presently, one told in big words, the well achieved exploits of his arm. Fire gathered in his eye—"A song!—a song for the brave!" was shouted. The Troubadour[6] ascended the gallery, produced his trombe;[7] his sons accompanied him on the lyre:

I.

Bellow, ye trumpets of fame!
For whom?
For him that is brave,
That can ride on a wave,
That can sing on a spear,
That can grin at death near,
When country or king needs the same.
Blast the trump!
'Tis for the dead.
Hark! they toss the haughty head.

II.

We'll sing all our heroes in turn:
Vain thought!

When millions stalk forth,
Each a wonder in worth,
With hot rage in his eye,
Born to conquer or die,
For Britons all equally burn.
Blast the trump
For those that live;
To arms, to arms! and battle give!

III.

Be hush'd. Shall but War fire the breast?
Ah! no.———
The warfare shall cease;
Midst laurel and peace,
The maiden's soft plea
Shall bend the proud knee;
In love is the hero most blest.
Blow the trump
In beauty's praise,
Love shalll crown thy generous days.

IV.

Now range in the liberal hall;
Draw near!
Take Old England's sweet food,
And warm the heart's blood;
Drink health to the King,
While freedom shall sing,
And we join heart and hand to its call.
Blast the trump
In Honour's cause!
'Tis for our Liberty and Laws!

The

The bard ceased: but the multitude echoed triumphantly words so dear to their feelings. The song was repeated, the clamour ceased; and the keen sensibility of nature crossed the English breast, and glittered in the eye. The old harper caught the moment, seized his soul-breathing instrument, and concluded the entertainment with an address to the Creator, as the whole assembly stood up in respectful silence.

I.

Where'er we turn the grateful eye,
Unnumbered blessings teeming lie;
Where'er we think, or move, or breathe,
Air cheers above, and earth beneath.

II.

The feather'd tribe forsake their land,
And trembling fall at our command,
Fishes impulsive quit the deep,
To man they fly, and yielding weep.

III.

The nobler creature of the field
Uplifts in vain his pointed shield;
He feels his fate, the strife in vain,
And stoops to meet the knife again.

IV.

The soil resists the piercing steel,
But conquering man makes marble feel—
The humbled mould obeys her curse,
And to the tender grain is nurse.

V.

Man lifts his hand! Creation bends,
Each reptile all its little lends;
Man governs all, in reason blest,
His steps pre-eminence attest.

VI.

Be generous, Man! nor rash thy deed;
For thee they liv'd, for thee they bleed;
Soothe all their cares and ease the yoke,
An ass reprov'd a blow, and spoke!

VII.

But whence the power that all fulfil?
Why fleet the limb, and chain'd the will?
Why, with perfection stamp'd on all,
Do brutes for man, submit, or fall?

VII.

Who taught the wing o'er tracts to roam,
And quit its downy, smiling home?
Who whisper'd in the fishes ear,
That man would wait, till they drew near?

IX.

Who taught the ox to yield his strength,
And drag the furrows clotted length?
Who blows the fost'ring heat in earth?
Who aids the foliage' silent birth?

X. Who

X.

Who nerv'd the arm of man so strong,
But left a will for right or wrong?
Who set him in a central sphere,
Least among Great, but greatest here?

XI.

God of all heav'n and earth!—thy word
The universe obey'd, and heard—
Thy laws were fix'd ere heav'n began,
Benign to all,—but most to man!

XII.

Thine be the power and thine the grace:
From thee alone all good we trace;
All thy dread works our wonder raise,
Great God! accept our humble praise!

The fiery passions of the assembly were hushed into a sweet and placid gratitude. They clasped their hands, and in a low murmur repeated their thanks for the mercies with which they were surrounded. They then bent to the host, blessed him, and separated for the night. Elgiva followed her husband and son to the chapel, where a short service was performed—Edgar then embraced his parents, and they all retired.

The

The next morning Edgar cheered the dark hours of his father by the relation of whatever was interesting of the university. —" Yes, my father," said he, " methought the world was large enough for me at Restormal, when it contained my parents; yet though my affection remained unshaken, how my sphere of thought became enlarged!—I looked with other eyes—the world seemed so vast, that I shrunk in mine own insignificance. I was continually gazing in admiration and respect at the venerable professors who had unravelled all art and science, and yet, with modest diffidence, waited to be encouraged to speech. Oh, my father, 'twas beautiful—I blushed in mine ignorance and presumption." " Didst thou form no friendship, my son ?" enquired the Earl — " who were thy companions ?"[8] " Yes, truly, my Lord," said Edgar, " but my good preceptor permitted me not often to leave him, and I loved his society." " 'Twas well, child;" said the Earl—" proceed; name thy friends."

" I was caressed by several noble families, for the relation I bore my great father," pursued

pursued the youth.—" I felt grateful to all, but my heart was most touched with the kindness of Peter de Lusignan, only son to the King of Cyprus;[9] and that of the Lord Robert de Clifford.[10] The last I have mentioned in my letters—but though I praised, I never yet did him justice.—Oh, my Lord, such valour in his eye—such nobleness of mien—such a generous breast; so little sensible to his own great merit—he too, a noble and distinguished warrior, for he has fought already for his country!—and so young—but a few years my elder." " Was the young chief, then, a student?" said the Earl.—" No, my lord," answered Edgar, " he came not for study, but to visit a kinsman—he knew my preceptor, and we met often. From him I heard a theme I loved—the honour, the exploits, the fame, of my father. How did my heart swell with rapture in hearing the part you bore in every battle of Edward, and the heroic young Prince his son! How beautiful did actions look, which, when you recounted them to my infant ear, lost a principal hero!" Edgar gazed with transport

sport on his father. The Earl's countenance changed, his lip faltered. "Hush, my son—thy warmth of duty urges thee too far. Cease the praise of an old infirm man, who is no longer useful to his country. Tell me more of de Clifford; I knew him when he was a mere child, he seemed not to promise dishonour to a noble ancestry."

"All that childhood promised of excellent, is more than fulfilled in age," said Edgar, with warm pride—"his heart, his hand, his lip are all truth and ingenuous freedom. There is a fire in all his actions that I love, his rapidity of words even delights me.—Then such a thirst of glory—such ardour, such impetuosity, such—— Oh, my lord, I grieve that he could not honour my paternal mansion by his presence." "I do also regret it," replied the Earl, thoughtfully;—"I have ever wished my son to hold friendship with the noble in mind, be the station attached what it may; but when greatness of soul is found in the highly born, when the representative of a venerable house is seen to equal, nay, exceed in virtue the most illustrious

trious of his ancestors, may not this be an object for the favoured smile of angels? How dangerous are prosperity and grandeur—how open to flattery, how solicited by intemperance! Edgar, it hath been my pride and my happiness to call the most virtuous and generous of peers my friend, during nearly my whole life—would to heaven thou hadst such a soother of thy cares through thy existence; for cares will advance, my child. Youth flits away—trouble warns us of manhood, and grey hairs of eternity—be virtuous, and thou wilt dare to think on this awful word, which equally concerns the whole mass of human beings."

The young Prince was accustomed to his father's grave lessons—he listened with reverence and delight. Not unfrequently, a tear of sensibility fluttered in his beautiful eye, but this tender and lovely trait of childhood, had not, during nine years—not since the famed battle of Cresсy—blessed the sight of the Earl of Mercia; he judged of the impression he made, by the strong or trembling tone of his son's voice; and his manly breast

breast throbbed in the hope that the heart could not be unworthy, that relented in the anxious words of a parent.

Edgar respectfully waited in silence his father's pleasure—he perceived that the discourse was not now to be resumed, and he bent his step to the castle entrance, to visit and caress his favourite steed. Presently he heard the trampling of horses in the court-yard, and bounded forward—"A guest, my Lord," he cried, "his air is not of common order." "Haste then!" said the chief—"no matter for quality; the hospitality of England concerns not itself with looks. Hasten; receive the stranger and his friends with every respect—order water to refresh their fatigues—let the best in the castle declare our pride in the honour conferred on us:—hasten; thy mother and I will follow."

The youth in a moment gained the court; he placed his right hand with inimitable grace on his breast, and with modest frankness declared his joy—he held the stirrup, whilst the principal vaulted from his seat: the other two alighted in the same moment, and

and gave their steeds to the household who strove for the honour, and followed Edgar who led the way. The stranger courteously unbraced his helmet and sword, and delivered them to the young Prince, who proudly received this assurance of no immediate departure,[11] and hung them up on a bright lance that jutted from the wall, immediately above their heads. "My Lord of Mercia is well, if I may judge from his courteous son, to whom I presume I owe my kind reception," said the stranger—Edgar gracefully replied, whilst he presented the golden ewer to his guest, who vainly strove to release him from the care. A repast was immediately set before the guests, who satisfied their hunger, and rose to pledge the noble Earl and his son. The harper then tuned his sweet chords, and ran through a swelling peal of harmony.

Now the Earl entered, the stranger met him; they embraced, Edgar presented a full goblet—the principal guest quaffed it off, and refreshed and in glee thus spoke.

"I come, my lord, from the great Beauchamp Earl of Warwick."[12]

"Ah

"Ah generous stranger, what is thy news?"—eagerly interrupted Mercia, "how fares my noble, my best friend?"

"He is well, my lord. And please ye to know, as I have the honour to be his knight, I am entrusted with different matters, but the chief, that he purposes to visit Restormal in two days. My name, Sir, is John de Pelham."[13]

"Most welcome!—most welcome, Sir John, is the news.—So soon too!—Heaven be thanked; yes the converse, the endearment of an old friend are the balm of life—once more to meet!—valiant stranger, canst thou conceive the joy that dances this old heart?—we were young together—we saw into each other's minds—his habit was mine—we fought together. Oh Sir! when I lost him, methought I had a new language to learn. Ha! brave Warwick, my trusty friend, wilt thou indeed come once more to embrace the shattered remains of Mercia?"

Edgar had never before witnessed such agitation in his father—he wondered—yet was he strongly touched; but he was young and knew not the deep root of a virtuous passion

passion—the knight respectfully paused, and then continued :

" Suffer me, my Lord, to relate other particulars with which I am charged. Our gracious Edward has invested the most heroic Prince his son, with the title of Duke of Aquitain,[14] and has added the gift of all our possessions in France."

" Doth that noble Prince leave England then?" eagerly inquired the Earl.—Oh! why am I a useless being to my country? born to defend her rights, yet am I inert—generous, invincible Edward, honour of England and its boast!—Heaven prosper thee in thy virtues, and save thee to a people that adores thee!—Pardon, Sir Knight, I will interrupt no more."—

" You well know, my lord," said de Pelham, " of the siege of Calais,[15] immediately after the battle of Cresсy; of its obstinate resistance; of its surrender; of our gracious Queen's entreaties to spare the condemned citizens; of our entry into Calais, and of the treachery of the French commanders, and violation of the most sacred truce agreed on.[16] That truce so violated was

again

again ratified, and has been continued from time to time till now. Terms have been repeatedly offered on our part; the inheritance[17] of England has been more than questioned, and justice calls aloud for redress. The glorious Black Prince is visiting his earldom of Chester,[18] and from thence is travelling southward with the Earls of Warwick and Stafford in his court. To-morrow the great Beauchamp will crave leave, and cross the hills to embrace his well beloved friend; for these, my Lord, are his very words. He will then take farewell of his lady and beauteous family, and embark with the most valiant young Edward for his city of Bourdeaux. Princely doings will enliven the great city of London on the return of Edward of Wales from this little tour. Rumour murmurs many a gallant feat to be performed for the entertainment of the king's son ere he departs for the distant camp.—Oh, my lord, how doth glory burn in every breast! The old, the young, the lowly, the rich, all rush to the invincible standard of Britons!—Misery lie on those who fight in a bad cause. Ours is

that

that of justice.—And in their right will God protect Britain's sons, if they remember him; may England cease to be, when she no longer deserves the protection of heaven."

"And be that wish mine!" exclaimed the Earl with fervour.

The generous nestling wakens at the dawn of day. The lark, his sire, flutters on the edge of his little dwelling, gently rises, and swells in soft cadence; by degrees his song bursts into proud strength, and mingles with æther, whilst the elevated bird disappears to mortal eye: the young one gazes, as hereditary nature beats his young blood, and distends every quivering vein with emulation of like renown. So fluttered the pure stream that warmed the heart of Edgar, at the recital of de Pelham; he gazed in speechless anxiety, delight and hope. Why should he not join this famous expedition? his age exceeded that of the Black Prince when he gained the great battle of Crescy—yet, should he solicit leave, and his father, blind, labouring with infirmity, and himself the only solace to both parents?

Thus

Thus argued the youth for two hours within himself—thus he debated in silence, till he was roused for the evening repast. After it was concluded, he attended the knight to his chamber, holding the lamp. The good Sir John guessed the rising emotions of his soul, in the eagerness of his accent, and invited him to conversation by his questions. Edgar glowed with pleasure as he listened to various feats of arms, he forgot time; and the doubled-sanded hour fell, and shewed midnight, ere he sought his own apartment. There agitated and restless he threw himself on the couch; but at length his eyelids closed in the sleep of innocence and peace.

BOOK II.

THE PROEM.

SIMPLICITY, lovely maid! whence is thy birth, since thou art equally caressed by nature and art?—since each lays equal claim to thee? didst thou descend from heaven, or art thou the shade of our first parents ere they wept? whence can be thy sweet power which ennobles the fairest works of man; thy touch, which melts a heart; and thy soft breath that steals over the sense which till then never longed to burst the chain of mortality? Unassuming thou art, and yet magnificent; tender yet heroic; gentle, and yet mayest be sublime. I see thee musing in the tranquillity of silent groves, or the lisping brook, and I behold thee assisting at the crash of elements, and fall of worlds—still art thou the same; consistent, noble, affecting!—O Simplicity, disdain not the offering we would make thee! fly not, when we bend to catch thy youngest smile!——

The bright cherubim of heaven at the great command of The Eternal, rolled back

the ponderous globe on its axis, and gave day. Edgar shook off sleep, and sprang forward to hail the return of light. He flung a mantle over his shoulder, passed the gate, and ascended a hill which granted a wide prospect. On one side, the park of Restormal; on the other, the town of Lestwythiel; in front, the river Fowey and the Ocean. All nature seemed eagerly busy to meet the gravity and splendour of the sun, which threw his messengers in various directions to give notice of his approach; mists, that had been assiduously employed in stiffening grass which the playful heifer had bent; in feeding plants that had been too rudely kissed by the saucy bee; in allaying the thirst of a soil, grown callous by sporting in the wind, now rapidly gathered themselves in order to retire. The glowworm no longer trusted to his little rays, and reposed in his burrow; whilst the owl, in a reverse of nature, prepared for sleep. Birds chirped to awaken their young kindred, and then pitched their voices to the concert; the cattle of the field shook their furry coats, opened the full eye, and kindly trim

me

med one another by turns; the bind-weed, the passion-flower, and honeysuckle flung open their gates, and the sun-flower strained his yellow neck to be foremost ind uty.

At last the glorious orb burst forth in full majesty—he was not insensible to the kind welcome of nature, and he blushed in deep satisfaction—presently he sparkled in blazes of light, and threw around a healing warmth which cheered every thing living by its influence.

The tender breast of Edgar was profoundly touched by the lovely smile of creation. "God of heaven!" cried he, "and are these thy blessings all for man? hast thou made so vast, so wondrous, so beauteous a world for him to inhabit? why, Lord, need we be surrounded by such perfection in the animate and silent of thy works, but that thy finger might be every where visible? for whatever is from thee, is perfection! have we not millions of creatures at command which are only for thy glory? for we know not even their use; yet to see, to hear them is delight. The tender myriads that inhabit a leaf; the wondrous num-

bers that soar in the air; the ponderous monsters that sail in the deep—all bespeak thy power, and our dependance upon thee. Yet, great God! are all these so perfect, so beautiful, yet are they for man! the least among them is a monument of thy wisdom and goodness. The innocent and generous redbreast, that now fixes his bright black eye upon mine, and nods his tender head to gain my confidence—even this little creature, how beautiful are his winning actions, how admirable his little mind as far as it extends; how amazing his powers of sound; how delicate his perfect limbs; how rich his coloured plumage, how harmonious the order of his little vitals! what prodigality of beauty and perfection in one single object!—how far beyond the comprehension of mortals, much more the execution. Who but Thou could stain his brilliant eye, and give it sense?—who could bind up the movement of his little heart, and bid it beat to time? who could enfold a vein in his slender leg, and fill it with a brisk and animated fluid? what language could teach him, that if he expanded his wing, the air would

would grant him a path upward?, and finally, what art could form the most trifling feather of that wing?—Lord! we see, we feel, but we cannot express the homage we owe thee—'tis all we know that we are dust and weakness, and that Thou art excellence and mercy!"——

The youth gazed awhile around him, and then turning down the declivity, regained the castle. His mother stood near the porch, and tenderly embraced him. "Hope of my life!" said she, "where hast thou strayed? thy father has enquired for thee." "Dearest of mothers;" replied Edgar, "I have been climbing yon hill, to observe the rising sun—how lovely is nature, when light dawns upon her!" "Happy, happy season of youth," exclaimed the Countess. "Yes, my child, I have felt all thy generous emotions; my heart has seemed to spring from my breast, in the enthusiastic gratitude of early days. Nature is ever the same, but I am a mother and a wife—I adore the Creator, but in my thanks for his mercies, my husband and my son only are present—I would supplicate mercy for

myself, and I find I am entreating blessings upon them. Go on; open thy heart to every sentiment of gratitude, and blessings shall attend thee." Edgar clasped the extended hand, and pressed it to his bosom.

The hall was as usual filled with guests. Sir John de Pelham led the Earl to his seat; Edgar respectfully saluted both, and took his own. Presently the Earl arose; the assembly was hushed into silence, and he thus spoke:

"My Countrymen and Friends,

"In an assembly of Britons, in an assembly of the most generous people on earth, I rise to open a subject dearer to them than life; the good, the honour of their country.

"You all know (did ye not learn it on the mother's breast?) that England is not to be injured with impunity. With her the word *Right* is life and liberty—whoever the man, be he sovereign or menial, who will dare to infringe it, with him she will expostulate, she will threaten, and if without effect, she will execute. England is generous: who ever saw her trample on

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the fallen? She is just. Who among guilty is safe, and who of innocent is in danger? She is valiant: which of empires has not trembled, when she chastised? How then? Is any power so mad as to provoke her? Has any had the audacity to breathe a wish on what she holds so dear? Has any finger approached even in semblance to her possessions, her rights? Can I proceed? Which of you does not know, that for nearly three centuries, the finest provinces of France have belonged to the crown of England, and that the whole is now hers? By war, by right of conquest? No.—By treaty then? No.—By usurpation? What! England usurp? England so tenacious of her rights! England so famed for justice! —England an usurper! Perish then all human constitutions and governments. No, my friends, not by usurpation.—By what then? By hereditary right.[19] How, my countrymen? Shall the great law of nature be violated? Shall the poor bird pluck from his breast the down to line his habitation, and shall his nestlings unfledged perish on the damp earth? Shall one of you

raise a house and purchase an acre—shall you have toiled for these by the sweat of your brow, and will you be content in the thought, that the sweet babe who twines his arms around you, or the lovely virgin who has supported your declining age—will you be content, I say, that either should be torn from your corse whilst it is yet warm, and be driven as an outcast from home—(home! how dear is the very sound to an English breast)—to have no farther comfort, hope, or means of existence? Is there one breast here that is not fired in this cause of kings, of nobles, of all mankind?—Behold here no light wrong—no peevish demand: 'tis nature, justice, honour, humanity—'tis the cause of every man: for what man has not a wife, or a friend, a child, or a brother? Gift, testament, property, possession, nay, law itself are words to laugh at, if this injury be permitted. Rise then, my friends, rise, and crowd to the standard of your king. Rise; I give you the banner of Mercia; I give you my son, my beloved and only child for a leader, under the Great Beauchamp,

champ, Earl of Warwick; as he again is immediately under the illustrious, the generous Prince of Wales. Britons ever were favoured by heaven, and invincible must they be with such protection. Rise then! To Arms! and Death or Victory be the word."

The sparry and magnificent vaults of Derby open their mouths to the traveller who enters; wondering, doubting, listening to the dread solemnity. The guides approach—a thousand millions of lights sparkle, burn, multiply on the clear and vitrified mass for distance immeasurable.—He proceeds. The rushing streams howl from their thousand chasms; rock dashes sound against rock; winds roar through grinning crevices, whilst horror sits laughing by the edge of a bottomless whirlpool, and leaning over, stirs it with a reed. The feelings of awe, delight, confusion, dismay, eagerness and anxiety belonging to the traveller were those of Edgar; the howl of nature was as the tumultuous voice of the assembly upon the words of Mercia. —"All! all to a man! we are all ready

to stand by our king; his cause is ours, justice leads, we will follow."—" Stop, my friends: Britons in heart and soul I knew ye were," interrupted the Earl. " Husbands, range yourselves to the right—fathers, to the left—youths, stand in front. First, let the young be numbered and chosen in their country's service; secondly, the husbands who are not yet blessed with offspring—let my son be classed with the first. How many are the two divisions?" " Three hundred and fifty, my lord." " Strike off the fifty—let the three hundred advance, and give their names to the brave knight here, who will signify their zeal to his lord." Again the hall re-echoed with shouts—" Victory or Death under the conquering Edward—Beauchamp shall lead us; the banner of Mercia shall flap over the young chief, and remind us of the deeds of our fathers." Edgar confused, overwhelmed, felt the rush of glory swell in his breast—he panted—his eye flashed impatience—a deep carnation grew to his cheek; his stature expanded, whilst every limb braced itself to the attitude of

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defiance—he caught his mother's pensive gaze—he was recollected, and hastened towards her. She embraced him in silence. He turned to the Earl, and bent on one knee to thank him for granting honours unsolicited. "Heaven bless thee!" said the parent, "and make thee worthy thy great country, whether thy blood be spilled for her, or that thy life be preserved to offer another example of virtue. Lead forward, Edgar, I would retire." The youth conducted his father to the inner apartment. "Leave me, child," continued he, "vehement speech disorders my shattered frame. I would be quiet for a time; come hither in an hour."—"Are you then ill? Oh, my father," cried the youth.—"Hush! 'tis nothing, my son, retire: and meet me again at noon." Edgar slowly obeyed, trembling and gazing on the pallid cheek of his father.

Conflict was now let loose. The Earl had been the man, but now he was alone, and the father. His agony unclosed the breast wound that had never entirely healed since the exploits of Cresсy: but he felt not the

smart; for what is pain of body when mind suffers? "Oh! my country, my country; do I love thee? Art thou not dear to me, infinitely dearer to me than life, since I have given thee mine only child? A being that I have watched over during sixteen years; that I have nurtured, modelled, taught? And how sweetly has he imbibed every precept of virtue! How, when I was permitted to look on his infant lip, have I marked its innocent tenderness; in that eye what eagerness upon every virtuous sentiment! And what promise now in his unfolding youth! Yet there is an Almighty, whose purest angels guard the good—and my son is innocent: will he not be their care? What, if he die in the field of glory, will not his happiness be immediate and everlasting—and if he live, may not the strength of passions precipitate him into disgrace? My son a degraded being! impossible! Surely, never shall he who sinks into deep foundation, see his work fall with the first blast. Can the precept, instruction, and tender practice of virtue for years, from infancy, be blown

off

off as the down of the thistle? Oh, never, never—perfection belongs not to man; my son is mortal, but not vicious: if he live, it cannot be for dishonour; if he die, he shall be happy." So murmured the Earl. Hope rose and smoothed his ruffled brow—his grief was lightened—he groped to the casement, flung it open, and was cheered by the pure breath of heaven.

Edgar was slowly pacing the gallery when the Countess advanced. "Go not in the chamber; my father commanded me to leave him awhile." "Did he so, my child?" said the lady, "let us then bend our steps to the rampart. My heart is heavy, Edgar. Thou wilt soon be far away from thy mother;—listen now to what her anxiety for thee would dictate." "Tenderest of mothers," replied Edgar, "mine ear has ever been delighted to catch those loved sounds—but dear, most dear, will be every word, which by so little, thus precedes our separation."

"Of thy virtue, at present, my beloved child," continued the lady in an anxious tone, "I have no doubts. All our anxiety, our

our hopes, our care, are for the future. Hitherto, my love, excepting in the last year, thy father and I have never endured thine absence from the castle; and even at the college, we confided our precious charge to the worthy prelate, thy father's early friend, in whom we could trust. Thy country calls for thy services at a tender age. England is also the land of my nativity, and I repine not. Every one is fixed in a station, and has his allotted duties to perform; no object of creation is born to idleness; the duty of woman is to be the ornament of home, that of man to be the honour and protector of his country. High birth exempts not from one duty, but calls for fuller virtue—all mankind look upward for example; the higher the station, the more severe the responsibility. Thine is a great part to fulfil in life—may our wishes be realized.

"Edgar, thou art young: thy breast is tender. Thou knowest not the force of passions; but the time will come, when thou shalt feel their power. Man is born to endure—sorrow is his portion—expect

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it in common with all, and stand prepared for disappointment. I would not depress thy noble ardour, but shew thee that those moments of happiness that may be given, are not owing to human deserts, but are from omnipotent mercy. Oh Edgar, my son, in this awful hour, when all the mother swells round my fond and weak heart, and forebodes that thou mayest be listening to her counsel for the last time; let me conjure thee to remember and revere her instructions. Never let any daring hand or vicious example lead thee from the path of duty. Dare to be good amongst the sinful—the naughty will profess to dislike thee, but inwardly they will respect and admire. Thou art going to battle in a distant country, where thou will meet with all ages, principles and practices. Various are the chances of war. Heaven alone can know the fate in reserve for thee; but if adversity press hard, remember life flits away, and setteth trouble at nought; but that virtue is immortal. Whether thou be in the depth of the gloomy cave, in front of the raging war, or in the frail bark riding

riding among storms; remember, child of my bosom, the piercing eye that can witness and mark down all thy minutest actions. What are mortal sufferings? An end they must have; and what delight is there in the recollection of a glorious life—in the praise of good and great men—in the approbation of our country—in the extacy of friends—in the applause of posterity—in the smile and sympathy of angels! Oh, my son, even one of these enjoyments can swell the soul of a woman—of thy mother, daughter as she is, and wife to illustrious heroes. One such reward is sufficient to fill a mortal with ardour and emulation, and to balance ages of bodily suffering. What, when all are united! Edgar, thou wast an infant, a child; thou art now approaching to manhood. By all the care, the anxiety of thy parents through the stages of life, remember our precepts. When thou wast born, delicacy seemed to flutter on thy little cheek. How has thy mother wept over thy innocent features, and petitioned heaven for thy life! She left her warm couch in the bleak nights

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of snow, to lean over thee, fearing thy sleep was hurried. She fed thee from her breast, and hid thy little tear with her lip, whilst her heart beat lest she should have pressed thee too strongly in her embrace. With dishevelled locks and weary limbs she strained to assist thy snowy foot that essayed to press the ground; and when she had patiently taught thee for days, how did her eye sparkle as thou didst repay her with one lisping sound! Reward this mother for her tenderness. Requite thy father for his kind precept and instruction —fully reward both, my son, and be virtuous!"

The Countess overpowered by emotion, flung her arms around her son's neck and wept. The youth, profoundly affected, could scarce reply—" my dearest parents, may heaven bless me as I deserve your love." " Enough, my child," cried the lady, " my heart is eased. Let us return to thy father."

The Earl had requested the Knight's company, and when Edgar and the Countess entered, was in pleasant converse with him. " Welcome

" Welcome, my Elgiva—Edgar, the valiant Sir John desires my history of the great Beauchamp—he will needs have it, that I, as his friend, must know more than the world. 'Tis a noble theme to sound the praise of a glorious friend, and I rejoice that thou should'st be here, my son, while I speak.

" As a long line of illustrious ancestors cannot dignify a degraded representative, so are they an additional honour to a noble descendant. It were too large a task to recount the great deeds of Warwick's fathers, or to trace back a peerage which for so many centuries hath ennobled British land.[20] I say nothing of the valiant Earl Guy known all over the world, whose arm was ever raised in the cause of virtue and glory, who bled for his king,[21] encountered hosts, and sustained the honour of his country over all parts of the world, of whom are so many vestiges, which to this day, speak his extraordinary prowess—him and others who have gloriously filled their high stations, I pass over, to rest upon the great Thomas Beauchamp, my loved friend—a man

man more favoured of his sovereign for his great deserts* than any who ever went before him. Happy the subject that possesses virtues, happier the monarch who can see and reward them!

"The birth of Thomas Beauchamp preceded mine by several years. His father died in 1315, and left him a child of only two years of age. My father (the grandson of the third king Henry) and the Lord Mortimer, being guardians, had the young Earl in charge by turns. Let no one assert that friendship can subsist but between persons of similar taste; so that goodness be the foundation I am bold to pronounce that friendship between persons of opposite temper, may be the most lasting. In childhood I was reserved and thoughtful; he lively and of many words. In our sports, in our studies, we preserved the same character. I wished to convince by proof; he from the sprightliness of his fancy I loved his generous gaiety; and he esteemed, as he was wont to say, my prudence. We both

* Biographica Britannica.—Collins.

both delighted in the manly exercises of our country, but in them he generally excelled me. At quoits, the cestus, ball, wrestling, if ever I defeated him, it was because my age gave me stronger muscle, and that he, laughing, disclaimed all attention to skill. The lady, his mother, has often trembled to see him mount the uncurbed steed and scour the plain, whilst the proud beast tossed his head and strove to dismount him. Twice in the hot pursuit of the stag, has he plunged in the Avon, the sweet river that flows through his lands, when it was swollen by heavy rains; and twice ere he had seen twelve years, was he rescued by a timely hand from a watery grave."

"Ah! Sir, I have heard," interrupted Sir John, "that the friendly hand was that of my Lord of Mercia; 'twas bravely done." "Nay, Sir," resumed the Earl, "he must poorly love who sets so high a price on his own existence. Life is not worth the having, if there be none for whom we would risk our own. 'Twas a mere impulse of nature.

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"As my friend advanced to manhood, he was more and more loved by all. The third Edward received his homage by special favour, when he was four years under age;* and he then took upon him the hereditary office of Sheriff of Worcester and Chamberlain of the Exchequer.

"Ere he had seen twenty years, the king was pleased to make him Governor of Guernsey and the little adjacent isles.—Ever beloved of the monarch, he has attended him in all his wars, whether by sea or land. Dupline, Halydown, Cresсy, and Calais, felt his mighty arm – but at length he sheathed his sword, and bowed to the charms of the Lady Catherine, daughter of Roger, Earl of March—and as he had a fine person and an exalted reputation, the lady consented to plight her faith, and the pair were united in the presence of Edward and his queen Philippa. Honour called him away from his bride, and we accompanied the king to Flanders, to ratify the treaty between the duke's daughter, of that country, and our famous Prince of Wales.† We gave our

* Dugdale. † Collins's Life of the Black Prince.

our signature as peers, but the marriage was set aside. On the king's passing the Brabant seas, he had intelligence of the enemy's fleet of four hundred ships lying in wait to entangle him; but he boldly attacked with only half the number, and totally destroyed the whole, securing thirty thousand prisoners.* So nobly fought the Earl of Warwick on this mighty occasion, that he was honoured with the noble office of Earl Marshal of England, and afterwards with Lord High Admiral of Britain's navy. I pass by his exploits in Cresсy, and in the siege of Calais; in both he has been equally valiant and nobly distinguished--he is honoured by being the first knight of the most noble revived order of the Garter;[22] he has the glory of being the dearest of subjects to king and prince, and the delight of approving himself the most faithful of husbands and tenderest of fathers. To his king he is a treasure, and to his coronet an honour.

"But my partiality to my friend makes me not insensible to the vast merit of others of this great country. What a peerage is ours!

* Speed.

ours! what a noble commons! Who of the continent has not heard the names of the Earls of Salisbury, Leicester, Derby, Northampton, Arundel, Devonshire, Suffolk, Huntendon;[23] and who is not familiarised to the names of the heroes de Percy, Lyddell, de la Ware, Hamlake, Mowbray, Nevill, Beaumont, Bercley, de Grey, Dorcy, de Clifford, Typoft, Monlyns, Faukenberge, Brian, Shouley, Ravensholm, Brewis, Percival, Audley, who with so many hundreds like them, have carried the terror of England's just resentment into the centre of her enemy? No; I forget not these names, to every one of which I see with surprise so valiant a hero attached. Surprise, did I say? can a nation be surprised that she should possess such grandeur in subjects, when the monarch that sways her sceptre is himself so rich in example, in every princely virtue, and every magnanimous sentiment? Shall we wonder that this great king should see in the heir to his throne, a prince, a miracle in valour, modesty, judgment, piety? Shall we wonder at the exultation, the enthusiasm, the adoration

ration of the people, secure of lofty virtue in their reigning prince, and more than possessed of every mortal perfection in the successor? Oh that kings would ever reflect upon their unbounded influence, and the strength of example from such high authority! Vice is never so abashed as when discountenanced by princes; virtue never so powerful as when she receives their caress!"

Hardly had the Earl uttered the last word, when a great tumult was heard from without. A man covered with dust, rushed in, and a thousand voices repeated his news —"The Prince! the most valiant Prince Edward is coming—the great Prince Edward; the hero of Cresy!"—The messenger exclaimed, "my Lord of Mercia, the Prince will be at your Castle with the Earl of Warwick to-morrow." "Brave friend," cried the Earl, "dost thou tell me truly? can it really be? can such an honour..."—"Yes, my Lord," interrupted the man, "and further, my lord Stafford will attend him. The Prince is in excellent health, heaven bless him; and commanded me to remember him kindly to his noble cousin of Mercia." "Ha!" cried the Earl, "is it indeed so?

Happy

Happy, glorious day! Edgar, my son—my Elgiva, let us receive our Prince as if we loved him. Let a proud steed richly caparisoned be presented to the honourable messenger of this joyful news. Conduct him, Edgar, to the armoury, and gird on, in thy father's name, a bright and shining sword—let the table groan under the sweetest of viands, and let all share in Mercia's delight and gratitude.

Edgar's throbbing breast but half knew its mingled feelings. Great names—proud deeds—battles to come—entrance to the world—meeting and first homage to his prince, the most renowned of heroes and in merit the most transcendant—Beauchamp—Stafford—all by turns flitted before his imagination. So grew the wondrous camera obscura under the gigantic genius of Bacon.[24] Field, mount, temple rose, upon the brittle mass in diminished profusion, anticipating reality, and setting space at defiance.

When the messenger had refreshed himself, Edgar girt on the sword. With honest pride, said the man, "my lord, mine is the

province to give joy or misery. Good or ill fortune sets me on the speed. So is it with life, first pleasure, then sorrow; but I thank the star under which I was born, that I am oftner the bearer of good than bad news." "Are you not, Sir," enquired the young noble, "the trusty confident of Prince Edward?"—"Yes, truly, I am so honoured, and my name is Thomas Prior.* 'Twas from me the King first heard that his well beloved Queen Philippa had given him a fine lusty well shaped son and heir. I had waited at Woodstock for the news, and sped me over hill and dale, and surely the generous monarch fully requited my zeal with forty marks a year for life, out of the Exchequer. As my Prince advanced in infancy, I was appointed under his famed tutor Dr. Walter Barleigh,† and many a cheering smile have I caused between king and son. 'Twas I bore the charter of his titles—at three years Earl of Chester—at seven, Duke of Cornwall, the first duke, my lord, ever made in England; and who so worthy of the honour? I delivered the notice that he was to

* Collins's Life of the Black Prince. † Ibid.

to be keeper of England when the King was absent in Flanders, and I had the honour to signify the royal command that the Prince should grace the court which was held at Antwerp, at the time that a match was proposed for him. And when he was created Prince of Wales, and was invested with his coronet, gold ring,* and siver rod, and had a grant of lands to support his dignity, I was employed to bear him the different writs in his favour—I had too, the good fortune to carry the sword with which he was knighted when he was scarcely sixteen years of age, just before he won the ever-memorable battle of Crescy. Upon how many noble services have I flown for so good, so virtuous a master. Who can be near his person and not love him—but I—well and oft have I in his infant days, clasped him to my breast, when Madam Joan† of Oxford, who bore the royal child to the gardens for air, has passed—how have I entreated for one look at the rosy cheek—have you ever seen the Prince of Wales, my lord?" "Never,"—replied

* Collins's Life, &c. † Ibid.

Edgar, " honour has kept back that delight."—" Ah, Sir," returned the good Prior, " if you had even held him a babe, as I have, aye in truth, many a time, you would hardly again recollect him. Such majesty of port, with the sweetest courtesy—fair of complexion yet that he was a child, though his enemies call him *Le Neoir* because he is so terrible in war,* for who can withstand his courage and skill? Enemies, said I? has such a prince an enemy? so kind to the wounded, so courteous to the prisoners. Oh, Sir, if he were mine own son, methinks I should love him less, as being mine—but 'tis enough; I know my prince esteems me his poor servant; and—for myself—I know my heart, that 'tis his; what more signifies?"—The honest cheek of Prior was flushed—he feared he had been too—not bold, in a generous and free country, where every tongue may speak the mind's thought,—but too vain of his prince's favour—he paused and then rubbing his brow, " It is natural, my lord, that I forget myself on this subject—the favour of princes

* Collins's Life, &c.

ces is enough to make a dizzy head, and I am not young; there are things in life, which when one looks back upon, will make one prate in spite of prudence and modesty." "I doubt it not," hastily replied the generous Edgar; "how often have I in these my insignificant days, wearied my parents perhaps, with past incidents of trifling moment; but the subject you have touched, my friend, is such as would loosen any British tongue; much more is it for you to speak, who are both a favoured, and a faithful subject."

The old man bowed gratefully; his eye sparkled; he caught the encouragement, and again began the relation for which he had apologised. Edgar smiled, yet he kindly listened. The theme was affecting—the character of the speaker to him inexperienced in life, quite new. Hopeful the prospect, when unpractised youth gazes with astonishment, but with tenderness, upon the various infirmities of human nature!—

BOOK III.

THE PROEM.

LIGHT! wondrous creature, where wast thou ere Omnipotence gave the word and thou the start to earth, to be possessor of her hemispheres by turns? didst thou live on the throne of heaven, and sprang from thence to point the way to mortals, or art thou but a poor emblem of some glorious essence that shall gild the seraph's wing, when man lifting up the sepulture above him shall raise his head from among the dust, scatter as chaff the astonished worms, and, bending upward say, Lord I am ready, and waited for thee? Whatever thy origin, vast is thy might, beneficent authority—thou cheerest all nature by thy presence—dispersing the gloomy and obnoxious dream that weighed the heaving breast; infusing joy in all creation, and exciting raptures of gratitude for another day; whilst thy severe grandeur maketh the cheek of criminals to grow pale in the thought that the eye of an offended God will one day flash immediately

diately upon them, as light now brings the enquiring gaze of others than acccomplices to make their trepidation—surely, thou art allied to goodness, for the wicked never love thee; whilst the pure in heart are ever cheered by, and hail thy return. Desert us not, O light; but according to the law of a gracious providence, give thy presence with noble prodigality, or a prudent economy. Continue to the globe its proportion, and let the whole habitable world spring from rest, and adore the hand that gave thee.

The eventful day that was to bring a loved Prince amongst a brave and generous people in the wild skirts of this beauteous island, at length appeared to thousands that had impatiently watched its calm approach. "Why art thou so slow?" said Edgar? The Earl who was near, said smiling, "knowest thou that the beam which now passes our casement, was lodged seven minutes since, in the bosom of the sun, and thou callest it slow of motion? man is impatient—he would hurry nature that acts by divine regulation and dares not alter her

course—as she is made for him, she in pity yields when she may; for nature loves mankind and soothes his care."

The vast concourse assembled at Restormal gates. Some hasted to household preparatives for the illustrious guest. The pale dough hissed in the capacious hearth of the hot oven, but struggles availed not, and it was necessitated to submit to the tinge of the fawn, with the brittle of the tender sea-shell. The stores of sparkling water were forced up from their cold purebeds by the efforts of the generous steed of burthen[25] which paced his rounds, and shewed in every motion, shining and lusty flanks, with strength of limb, and grandeur of proportion unknown in every country but his. Kind driver, thou dost not urge him, he does his best. Mark how he strives; first the hoof's point, and then the foot presses the ground; thou rememberest the laws of thy land,* which humanity dictated as the council wrote—the crackling furze and the dried beech resisted in vain in the wide hearth of the state apartments, against

* Dr. Henry's England.

against the attacks of the most powerful of elements. He triumphed, and in his pride, cast around the generous cheerfulness that himself enjoyed.

To grace the table of the Prince of Wales, domestic and wild of the feathered tribes, lent their aid. The pointed arrow fled from the bow and hid itself in the breast of the scudding hind : the creature gasped and fell. The timid hare flitted in vain ; the snorting hound scented, pursued, and guarded the unresisting prize for his master. The little delicate wheatear, the pheasant of golden plumage ; the cunning partridge, were secured, and the sweet corn-fed pullet, with the savoury porket, were destined to adorn the feast. The black and fine lobster, the fine British oyster,* so famed to Roman palate ; the swelling haddock, bearing the sacred impression of the Redeemer's touch ; the small mouthed sole, the pale whiting, the bulky and delicious turbot, were conveyed from the ocean, the fin still playing, and the tail quivering with horror to find itself in so fatal an element.

* Lives of the Cæsars.

Meantime, a vast cavalcade moved slowly forward to meet the prince, with the Earl of Mercia and his son, at the head. They sat in a car drawn by two proud coal black steeds, champing the bit, and disdaining the gentle pace which the young hands that grasped the reins forced them to observe. By their side advanced a superb milk white charger, tossing on his head three plumes of the ostrich, round which were the words *Ich dien*,* the crest and motto heretofore of the renowned King of Bohemia, who fell in the young prince's battle, and now the laurels of his own brow. The creature lashed his silken back with his sweeping train, and glancing his brilliant eye upon the leader, scarce deigned to touch the soil. His bright long ringlets were parted on either side of the broad forehead by a rich Cornish diamond, and on his expanded chest glittered the arms of England, Ireland and Wales, quartered with those of France. A hundred of the principal landholders and tenantry, rode two

* Collins's Life, &c.

two and two on their steeds; whilst the chosen warlike band, with firm step, marched silent in a close body; and men, women, and children with the trumpet, crûth,[26] and lyre, closed the ranks; midst which were seen, waving high in air, the banners of Mercia, and the standard of St. George.[27]

At length, within three miles of Launceston, a trumpeter dashed at full speed, and gave notice that the Prince was only a mile distant. The whole crowd gave three shouts for joy. The Earl commanded them to stop, and with his son alighted, as did every horseman and hastened on.

And now a perfect silence reigned; every breast throbbed with expectation; few had ever seen, many never would again, probably, behold the loved person of the future king. "Hark!" cried Edgar, "I hear, I see them; a few gentlemen at the full gallop. Trumpets, to your blast! People, your prince—'tis he—the prince advances—his horse scours down the hill—several follow. Oh, my father, tell me, how I should meet that dread prince; I so insignificant, he so great and glorious?"

"Meet him," said the Earl, "with the modest confidence of a faithful subject; be ashamed of nought, child, but of vice—but hark! I hear his voice—'tis he!" The Earl sprang forward, and bent the knee with arms extended. Edward rushed to him, flung himself from his horse, and raising him from the ground, embraced him. "Good cousin, it befits not a prince of royal blood, a hero, and a veteran, to pay such compliment. How rejoiced I am to see you once more I need not declare; my Lords of Warwick and Stafford, here, who are waiting your salute, can bear witness to my eagerness in this journey." "Most generous of princes," —replied Mercia, and he stopped, for his soul refused expression. Edward pressed his hand, and turned to the brave Sir John de Pelham, whilst Warwick and the Earl shed tears of joy. Respect had hitherto held the assembly mute, but a sudden burst of transport expressed feelings no longer to be controlled. They crowded round—some knelt and kissed his foot, his cloak, his armour, his hands. "Long life to the valiant

valiant Prince Edward and his great father. England shall never want a defender of her rights while they live! May heaven bless them both!" The noble Edward was greatly affected by his people's regard.—With benevolent grace, he lifted his helmet and waving plumes, and smiling, bowed to the vast concourse that strove to gain one look at his fine countenance and person, now in the grandeur of manhood, and in the strength of four and twenty years.

Edgar had beheld all; yet he durst not move from the spot. Diffidence, respect, wonder—held him in awe. The prince observed the noble fire of his eye, and the deep blush on his cheek. "My lord of Mercia, you have a son, is he of this courteous assembly?" "He is, my prince—Edgar, the Prince of Wales would see you—Advance." The youth, with his helmet in the left, and the right hand on his breast, stepped forward with a respectful timidity. He would have kneeled, but Edward prevented him. "That is a young man," said the Earl, "who would fain, if he knew how, be of service to his country. He desires

desires the honour to serve with three hundred Cornish men, under the renowned Black Prince." "Does he so?" replied Edward, "in the name of St. George then, we will immediately give him[28] knighthood, and receive him and his retinue with gratitude; may he resemble in valour and prudence his father." Hereupon, the Prince ungirt his sword, and waved it over the youth's head, who proudly received the unexpected distinction.

The courser was now presented to Edward. His magnanimous soul delighted not in pomp, but he saw the anxiety of the multitude, and the ardour of Edgar who pressed to hold the stirrup, and he in a moment sprang on his back, and the whole cavalcade again fell into order and movement. Edgar took the steed of the gallant Beauchamp, who by the thoughtful command of the Prince, entered the chariot, guided it, and entertained his friend with past deeds.

The magnificent oak arrived at proud maturity, spreads afar and wide his noble branches, and stands in majesty confest

the

the monarch of the awful forest. By his side, a stripling elm raises its vigorous stem, rich in promise, perfect in beauty, but tender in age. Thousands of trees surround them of generous growth; but these two only attract every gaze. 'Twas thus Prince Edward and Edgar amidst the throng, were alone noticed. Every eye followed them; the warlike Stafford, the gallant Beauchamp, the prudent Mercia, the valiant knights of the train were overlooked. So grand is sovereign power tempered by virtue—so lovely is artless youth flushed with the ardour of generous fame.

Restormal gates strained the hinge to speak their pride when the great guest passed. The nobles hastened to follow, as the Earl on one side, and Edgar on the other, conducted the Prince to the state chamber, where he met and respectfully saluted the Lady Elgiva.

The guests partook of refreshment, and Edward, with gracious condescension, signified a desire to behold the castle parks and estates; and sallying forth, he took Edgar's arm, amidst the shouts of thousands

sands who had flocked for leagues to see him. Edward spoke with affability to some, and smiled upon all, as every bosom beat his praise.

The company passed the gates. Rustic games and scenes caught every attention. Under the castle walls, extended ranges of sheds of various size, with numerous devices in honour of the noble visitor. Lestwythiel no longer boasted her inhabitants. Launceston, Bodmin, and numerous other opulent towns, hastened to Restormal at the first breathing of the name of Edward.

And now the mind of this great prince unbent itself to little matters. He passed through lines of thousands of his future subjects. He examined with complacency the various articles for ornament and use, and observed with delight the vast improvements in the manufactures of England. "What people are these!" said he, smiling to Beauchamp; "the English have need but of hints; their comprehensive mind embraces in a moment a plan, and their liberality teaches them instantly to acknowledge their past defects. Surely are they exceeded

exceeded in perseverance, in industry, by no nation upon earth. But examine the texture of this beautiful cloth; look upon yonder fine spun wool;[29] what vivid colours have those threads; how exquisite the workmanship of those rings,[30] and yon armour with all the weapons near. Behold too those small paintings,[31] and those on glass, they have much merit. The very embroidered arras, which hangs yon pavilion, is worthy to be observed;[32] but the artificers here, who display their curious works in our native metals, deserve high praise. The king, my father, is truly well repaid for his efforts to improve the trade of his realms. I see—I see, England shall one day rival in extensive commerce, the most renowned states in the world. May she never forget the blessing which seems appointed to attend all her generous exertions, and may she never cease to be grateful."

As Edward spoke, he observed a Palmer near him, with his eye intently fixed. "Friend," said the Prince, "didst thou take France in thy way hither? Since when,

when art thou in England?" "But this morning, my lord," replied he, "the vessel in which we sailed from Bourdeaux was wrecked two leagues from Lestwythiel." "And the crew?" exclaimed Edward—"all safe!" said the pilgrim—"'twas a ship bound to Anglesea; but 'tis ordered otherwise," continued he, and folding his arms, he stepped back among the crowd, and slowly retreated. Edgar looked after him, for his manner was not common. Edward mused—"methinks I should like to hear what report has to say in France." "May I, shall I, my lord?" timidly enquired Edgar. "I should thank you, Sir," said the Prince of Wales;—Edgar respectfully bowed, and following, overtook the Palmer.

"Reverend pilgrim, forgive my intrusion; you have lately quitted France; may we hear if any thing extraordinary be stirring there? Perhaps you know how dear to the Prince of Wales is his city of Bourdeaux." "I do, young stranger," said the pilgrim, "the city and all Aquitain holds firm to its Prince, but the enemy ravages

ravages and distresses the country ; it needs the royal presence." " And that presence shall it have," replied Edgar. " Didst thou know, good palmer, that the great Duke of Aquitain and Prince of Wales addressed thee just now ?" A colour rose on the pilgrim's cheek,—he paused, and said, " no, Sir, I knew not England's heir, but I rejoice that I have seen him." Again his eye fell, he bent to his attitude, and would have pursued his path, but Edgar laid his hand on his weeds, and gently arrested him. " Nay, good palmer, go not so soon ; let me intreat thee to stay and honour my father's castle with another guest ; do, gracious palmer. The Prince will listen with complacency to your speech, or if you like it not, none shall intrude upon your meditations. 'Twill be cold, very bleak to-night, autumn has blasted the leaves, and the evenings are long and dreary ; stay then, reverend Sir."

The old man again unclosed his eyelids, surveyed the youth, and then looked upon his damp robe. " Be it so then, gracious young man," said he, " I will return ere the

the dew drop; but permit me—at present solitude befits me." Edgar respected the words of age; he bowed and retired, musing as he went. He regained the Prince, reported his mission, and was recompensed with acknowledgments.

But now the scenes changed; the company repaired to the circus, an immense square doubly railed in for the diversions of the country. The first was that of wrestling. Six men entered the lists, and paired off in different spots. They quickly cast off the doublet and under vest. "What a hardy race," said the Prince, "with what strength of arm is an Englishman gifted, and what power!" But when he observed the braced sinew, the strong knuckle, the intrepid and dauntless countenance, he smiled in admiration. The victors were led off amidst shouts of joy. Next followed the quoits. Iron taking the shape of the horse-shoe, was to be flung from the vigorous hand, and to rest upon a mark. Next was the foot race, and then the racing of horses.[33] The Earl had sent two fine chargers for prizes to

to the first and second winner. Several noble steeds with fine trappings ambled round the area. The signal was given, they bounded, they flew. Edgar was full of anxiety. One of the competitors was a youth he esteemed, and the son of a respected landholder; he was besides to accompany him to France. Edgar could hardly forbear to call his name, and cheer him with a voice he so much regarded; but Alfred had marked his young lord's earnest gaze, he was encouraged by hope; he caught the glance of the innocent maiden he loved, and he was fired by emulation. Edgar knew his thought, he saw him victor, and whirled high his kerchief in the air; he turned and smiled on the damsel, her cheek glowed, she caught her mother's arm, and brushed the ringlets over her face to conceal her joy and pride. The winners were dragged forward. Edgar held the steeds, and whispered the Lord Beauchamp to offer the prizes to the Prince. From his revered hand they will be doubly valued. Edward took the reins. "My good friends, accept the Earl of Mercia's bounty

bounty from my hand, from the hand of your king's son, whose heart is rejoiced to witness the happiness of his dear father's people; preserve this honest gaiety, and let England be famed for happiness as she is for security." The victors knelt to receive the present. When the Prince ceased, three full rounds of huzzas and blessings rent the air.

Now the trumpet sounded. To the river. The signal was blasted. Here was the loved diversion of a nation of islanders. A vast range of large boats ornamented with the proud colours of England, drew up in front of a line of merchant ships, in the haven. The beautiful and swelling[34] Fowey sparkled with a brighter lustre, as if to welcome her prince. The rowers enter the boats—they are off—see the parted wave—the dashing oar—the nervous arm—the undaunted play of man with a world of floods. Edward threw himself into a boat, invited his nobles. Edgar sprang forward; grasped the oars, and plied with vigour. The spectators gaze with transport. The competitors

competitors are returned, and Alfred is again conqueror.

But the rowers slacken their speed. They hail their Prince, and range themselves behind him. The harp, the sweet harp, struck up her soft notes and made the wave tremble. Voices rose in simple harmony; the trombe blew to the echo, and the crûth sounded the full bass.

I,

Hail, navy of our strand,
Bath'd in the emerald sea!
Protect thy favoured land,
And Britons must be free.
Empires may fall, and monarchs want a name,
But England on her fleets shall rest the same.

II.

In vain the distant trump,
And vain the banner's play,
If thy proud parting keel
Ne'er cut the fluid way;
Tyrants may struggling swell and gasp for fame,
But Britain hails her ships, and smiles the same.

III.

No eager vengeful arm
Shall crush our right and law;
Safe in thy shrouds we rest,
And hold the world in awe;

To

To succour wrongs, to bend the strong thy aim;
Be ours the pride to triumph in thy fame.

IV.

Hail then, ye gen'rous fleets,
That ride the foaming sea,
Waft more than Tyrian stores,
Or guard your nation free.
Whilst friend and foe is forced your power to name,
England shall praise her God, and rest secure the same.

The Prince admired the song, and the harper again struck his instrument, He played a wild British air, and then broke into a lively melody, in which the whole assembly joined.

I.

When Britain began,
Then said the chief man,
For fleets, let our nation rank first:
Down down with the woods,
Let them rush to the floods,
And glory shall staunch a proud thirst,

II.

No sooner the word,
Than with rapture all heard,
Huge planks from their kindred were hurl'd,
Cordage peep'd from the flax,
Ocean wink'd on the tax,
And Britons begirt the thick world.

With

III.

With what pride has each king,—
It has made our heart spring,
To behold his high love in his fleet;
Ere was Alfred the Great,
England barter'd in state,
In exchange India bent at her feet.*

IV.

Fleets, King Edgar had four,
Each twelve hundred and more,
And winter'd them all in their station;
One east and one west,†
North and south, as was best,
To honour and succour the nation.

V.

Strong on sea and on land,
He had kings at command,
Himself steer'd the helm in the Dee;
Eight vassal kings row'd,
While to Britons he shew'd, ‡
That the sail and the sword keep us free.

The day was far spent, and the company landed and returned to the castle. The Earl advanced to meet his royal guest, who spoke in gracious praise of the pleasure that

* Henry. Rapin.
† General History of Battles and Sieges.
‡ Speed.

that day had afforded him. The repast was prepared, and Edgar led his father, who conducted the Prince, to a costly spread table, raised two feet in the middle of the hall; at which were seats for him and his two attendant nobles, whilst Edgar waited in the room of his father; who blind as he was, took his station at the back of Edward's chair;—but the modest Prince no sooner observed the arrangement, than he rose from table, and taking his hand, led him to the seat appointed for himself, notwithstanding the Earl's entreaties, and then took the right hand of his host. The people saw the graceful act, and thundered forth their admiration of it. A venerable man of an hundred and ten years, stood up: respect held every tongue; "I give you, my friends, a sentiment," said he; "that prince is to be loved, who protects his people; to be blessed, when he singles out and rewards the good; but he shall be adored, when he gives from the throne an example, which every rank of subjects may follow."

"Edward is that prince. Who so valiant

in

n his people's cause? Who so virtuous in rivate life? Who more grateful to his God? Who greater on earth? Who more worthy of Heaven?"

Edward would have silenced his people's praise, but they rebelled; in that point only were they undutiful. They laughed, they shouted, they extolled his name and his exploits. The songs began, but still to praise the royal hero they so dearly loved.

Edward looked round and caught sight of the pilgrim at one of the tables; he beckoned to him—the man slowly approached. "Hast thou aught of France to relate, that may interest us, reverend Palmer?" enquired the Prince.

"Great Sir," answered he, "passing events attract me not; yet would mine ear be sometimes open; a pilgrim is unfit to converse with your Grace." "Speak, I conjure thee, friend," said Edward, "and let us hear all that report can tell."

"Report now, please you, mighty Sir," continued the Palmer with downcast eyes, "turns all upon Charles, King of Na-

varre.[35] Although this prince be son-in-law to John, King of France, yet doth he provoke him by his deeds; he has assassinated his favourite, the Constable of Spain, and boasted openly of the crime. His father-in-law has seized his estates in Normandy; and Charles has raised the standard of revolt. All this I doubt your Grace knows; but the matters that filled France with wonder, happened when I was in Rouen fifteen days since.

"King John met Charles in that city by chance, and instantly secured his person, and threw him into prison." "In prison?" interrupted the Prince. "Yes, my lord," said the pilgrim, "and the nobles also of his retinue; and in excess of imprudence and barbarity, ordered the execution of four of these lords, and among them, the Lord Harcourt; whilst he himself stood by and enjoyed a sight so disgraceful to a monarch.* This atrocious act has thrown the whole country in a ferment. The nobles

* See this passage in L'Abbé Millot.—*Histoire de France*, p. 109.

les are more than ever desirous to wn their lawful King Edward; and the rother of Navarre, and the Lord Jeffry Harcourt, are on their way to offer the llegiance of France to the great King Edward of England."

The Palmer bent as he finished and withdrew, for Edward was silent and revolved n his mind the fate of nations. The peole shouted to the song of Britain's praise, when the Earl and his son rose to conduct is guests to their chambers. "One day nore, my Lord of Mercia," said the Prince, and then I must hasten to the court." They then saluted and separated.

The Earl turned to his son. "Come o my apartment; my friend Beauchamp vill pass an hour in private with me; I ave it at heart, Edgar, to give thee in harge to him, ere thou quit the paternal oof;—he sees my anxiety, and he is eager o anticipate my wish; there is but one ittle day, my son, and then we part. I trust ve shall again meet and for happiness, so heer thee well, for a warrior should carry ope on his brow." Edgar made no reply,

but led his parent to his room. A huge faggot blazed on the hearth. Warwick was already seated by its side; the sweet readiness of true friendship beamed in his hearty smile;—he unclasped the bright armour from his breast, and flung around him a warm and folding robe; then loosening the spurs, and drawing on his sandal "now," said he, "my Atheling, my friend, now am I entirely thine; pour forth in the heart of Thomas Beauchamp all thy wishes and thy hopes; he will hold them sacred. I guess thou wouldst converse of thy son; thou wouldst entrust the brave youth to my care. Speak, say all thou wilt; Mercia, hesitate not; confidence is the soul of friendship."

The Earl wrung his friend's hand. "Oh Beauchamp, thou art the same; thy generous heart is unchanged; yes, I would speak to thee of my son; I would place him in thy protection; I have wished to recount to my son all that his parents have done for him, not from boast, but only to shew his obligations to reward us for our care. desired that Beauchamp might be present

tha

that he might witness all my anxiety. Beauchamp, my ever faithful friend, pardon my weakness; I feel I must forget myself on such a theme; but thou art a father too, as well as a friend—Edgar, seat thyself."

The youth obeyed whilst his father waited a moment for recollection.

BOOK IV.

THE PROEM.

ORDER! thou art the soul of matter: Without thee, Heaven is no longer Heaven, and the Universe is chaos. Thou art the master-spring upon which the wheels of creation move: on thy head is balanced the sun; with one foot thou rockest the planets in their cradle, with the other thou dost press the back of Time, which is ever moving to escape thee, yet never succeeds; thine hands are spread in devotion over the sacred hierarchy of the Eternal, whilst thou lendest an ear to harmony such as angels love. As thine influence extends through the thick confluence of heavenly bodies, so is it observed in the least of created works. The grasshopper dares not sing but at thy appointments; the leaf hides itself till thy season; water kisses the shore and retires at thine hour, and birds frame the nest according to thy direction. Man too, the lord of created beings, loves and has pride in his submission to thee. Full well

well he knows, that thou art the base of every virtue and every attainment. If he would be great, if he would be good, if he would be brilliant, if he would be admired, he must court thy favour, and bend to thine authority. Order! permit that I salute thee.

The Earl of Mercia thus proceeded to address his friend and his son:

"It was my happiness to be instructed by a father who was more than usually eager and earnest in my welfare. It might be, that he had more anxiety, because he had no partner to share his cares, for my mother died whilst I was yet an infant. Hence I trace my high notion of parental duty. As I advanced in age, I threw a glance over the past; every precept of early childhood flashed across my breast, and rose as a guardian angel in my mature age against wickedness and immorality. My venerable parent breathed his last sigh in these arms. His last words were, 'my son, I have given you a noble inheritance—a virtuous education. You are bound to transmit this to your children, that posterity may bless our

race.' He smiled as I clasped his hand, and he expired.

"The activity of my life in the field and the council, left me not time to consider seriously of marriage till thirty-three years had passed over my head. I then obtained the hand of the Lady Elgiva, the beauteous sister of the most valiant Lord James Audley. I said beauteous, but I sought her for her sweet feminine manners, and her graceful virtues, which she is born to dignify. The portion she brought me was small, if I regard but gold; but if I look on her faithful love, her sweet complacency, her endearing smile, I became, when I led her from the altar, the richest man in England. Dreadful must be the lot of the female that is united but for interest; wretched the husband that is bought with gold!

"In the year my lady presented me with a first born and only son. I gazed with transport on thy features, my Edgar, and I remember the smile that played on thy lip. It seemed to assure me, that thou wast innocent, and might be trained to love virtue. My father's words, my own experience,

ence, both urged me to exertion. Principles—can we but secure these, I said to thy mother, who was equally anxious with myself—if we can secure principles in early childhood, all will be well; at the worst, the duty of parents will not have been neglected. Every evening I feared lest something had been left undone. This little creature has some perception, I reflected. It starts on a sudden noise, mourns when it is in pain, or requires nourishment; turns round its head on the appearance of a brilliant light, and smiles when it is content. Shall we treat this being as if it were not belonging to the highest order in creation? Is not my son an involuted man? Strength, energy, faculty, reason, are they not wrapped up within him, to be gradually unfolded at the command of nature and instruction? He is already sensible to habit; his eyes close as the hour of rest draws near, and he awakens at the break of day. The first principle of infancy then is Regularity; here will we begin. At the dawn, therefore, thy mother raised thee, and at the setting of the sun, thou wast consigned to

thy simple bed. No mercenary hand plunged thee into the pure sparkling fount. No rude finger irritated thy skin by a harsh friction. Thy mother, the ornament of a court, 'twas she herself performed every office of love; and when I leaned over her, saw the carnation of her glowing cheek in the eagerness of attendance upon thee, I felt my breast swell with gratitude and tenderness. O, how inexpressibly lovely is woman in the midst of her affecting duties —wife—mother—mistress—friend!

"At the end of six months, our care was to distinguish the cry of our son—fretfulness from that of pain and want. We saw that when we smiled, his countenance assumed a brighter aspect than before. On the appearance of passion, we therefore dressed our features in sorrow. As the storm ceased, we smiled; the infant observed us, and returned our caress. Here was the principle of Forbearance begun. The next point was Temperance, in not permitting his weak digestion to be overpowered by the quantity or variety of food. These three were our objects during infancy.

"In

" In time, we delighted heard the first gift of man declared in his speech. With infinite pains, we taught thee, Edgar, various articulations in our dignified language, and thy quickness inspired us with hope. As reason expanded, I led thee into the open field, and bending my words and action to thine age, sported with thee and thy favourite kid; ran the pretended race and suffered thee to win it; plucked the enamelled mead to give thee a taste for ever charming and wondrous nature; or I seated thee tired and inquisitive, on my knee, whilst I pointed up to the majestic heavens, and whispered to thy attentive ear, that a great God lived there, who loved the good and punished those who were naughty. " Do you think that great God will love me too?" was thine innocent question, " for I will be good." I turned away mine eye away from thee; I spoke not. Thy question was again repeated; I answered, " yes, my child; for so has he promised." " Then did he tell you so, have you ever seen him?" you inquired. How I loved all thy questions, and how

have

have we encouraged them! I told thee in easy language, that the Almighty had never been seen by me; but that many years since He had spoken to good men who wrote down his words and commands, and that he had afterwards sent his only son, who was as great a God as himself, to teach people their duty, and to save them from unhappiness when they die. "And what was the name of that good son?" saidst thou. "His name, my Edgar," I replied, "is Jesus Christ; and we should never pronounce so great a name without being serious." "But," continued you, "did that good son of God say what such a little child as I am ought to do?" "Yes, he said children should obey their parents, who will shew them what is right and what is wrong. Remember this, my Edgar, and the great Jesus will love you, for he can see all your little ways, although he is so high in the heavens; and he even knows all your thoughts." As I finished, I saw I had made a profound impression on thy tender heart. I changed the subject, and spoke no more upon religion for several days.

days. I did not wish to see my son an enthusiast, but I wished a principle of religion to be fixed so deep; for him to have betimes, so thorough a conviction of the everlasting presence and omnipotence of the Almighty, as might serve to resist every shock and effort of temptation, or time to subdue.

"Now is the period," said thy mother and I, "for the securing of piety, virtue, and nature. 'Twill be in vain to attempt them by and bye, when other matters crowd upon his mind. He must then read, write, understand the languages of other climes; he must be made acquainted with whatever is most noble of ancient and modern knowledge; he must be taught to despise death when his country needs his arm; he must understand a little of the laws and constitution of that superb country which has a right to challenge him in her cause to the last dregs of existence. And with this multitude of studies, where should we find room for religion, if it be not already fixed in the upper seat, the seat of honour? No, we will leave ornaments to chance; our child is not destitute of talent; we have

now

now only to make certain of two things; a love of God, which includes virtue; and a love of his works, which includes humanity.

"In his early years, our son was not robust, yet we observed with delight, that he loved every description of vigorous and manly exercise, in which we permitted Alfred, a youth of respectable parentage and generous disposition, to be his companion. Here was another matter of vast importance. My domestics loved my son, I knew. I feared lest they might flatter him, and I allowed no intercourse exceeding the bounds of gentleness and civility.

"At six years of age, my son was ignorant of the single letters of our tongue. He could not write a single character. All art and science were entirely unknown to him, even in their simplest form. We smiled at the concealed astonishment of our visitors. The Lord Robert de Clifford, then a fine boy, attended his mother to our castle. "Madam," said the lady to my Countess, "your son is a promising child in person, but I fear his instruction is retarded." Your

mother,

mother, my Edgar, smiled, and with respect, avowed her dependance upon me. "I," said the Lady de Clifford, "have been anxious that my son be equally brave and accomplished. I have spared no pains or money in his tuition, from earliest infancy, and ere my son had passed his fourth year, he could read many words in his book." I, who was present at the conversation, spoke not of my own ideas on this great subject, but turned to examine the youth, to wish a blessing upon him, and to admire him; for there was a generous bravery, and a fine ingenuousness in his features and look, that strongly engaged my feelings. The year after, when I saw this stripling nobly fighting for his country at the battle of Cresсy, I wished I had been his proud father. He then recognised me—but when I was borne from the field, I lost him, and we have never since met. You say, Edgar, that he is of a noble and generous nature; such he ever appeared, and from the manner of his education, he must be a proud exception

to

to general principles. But I wander from my point. At six years, I said that my son was ignorant of letters and books; but let me say a word to his advantage. He had infantine habits and good ones. A veneration for the Almighty. He closed and opened not the eye, he broke not bread, or drank of the pure stream, without thanking the bountiful Giver in very few, but impressive words. He was active in every sport, and industrious in the labours of the garden and stable, for he called a very gentle and diminutive steed his own: he was tender of every beast and every reptile; never kill an animal but for safety or sustenance, I had conjured him, and he remembered. I never allowed him to be present at any amusement of cruelty, such as the baiting of the bull, though I remonstrated not with the peasants, who are inclined to the custom, perhaps through its antiquity. No people in the world have more seusibility of nature than the English. How much violence must they offer this nature, ere it can submit to a spectacle of cruelty! Tenderness is thoroughly compatible

compatible with heroism, for who shall surpass a Briton in valour?

"Edgar had no motive to deceive; his lip was truth; and I never hesitated on the word of my son. He had a passion for every beautiful object in nature, and had a store of ideas on matters relating to the universe in general. On the other hand, as my son was mortal, so did he partake of its infirmities. He gave early signs of a disposition to be irritable, impetuous, rash, and precipitate. A gloom followed these slight indications, which, by skilful management, quickly dispersed; for we studied his particular character, and watched every growing evil. Our efforts succeeded, and reason is now to finish our work.

"Just as I delivered my son to the daily instruction of his mother, glory led me to the field. In the mean time, Edgar made a rapid progress in the language of both our countries, as well as in writing characters. I returned, no longer useful to my country than as I might train for it a young hero in my stead. I continued my son's instructor; and King Alfred's noble college,

college, under the worthiest of prelates, has, I humbly hope, supplied all the deficiency that might have been, and left me nothing but success and delight to cheer my drooping age."

The Earl paused; Edgar embraced his knees. "Oh! my father, my good and generous father! all, all is owing to your kind care. I know—I feel—but I cannot express my gratitude." "I am sensible, my dear child," replied the Earl, "of thy filial love. I know thy heart as it is now; but 'tis thy entrance into life, to mixed and turbulent societies; opportunity of dissipation — temptation; — these are what cause my anxiety. The first years of active life are the period of importance; and for these, as my mind glances at them, I would have thee prepare all thy strength. I have endeavoured, my Edgar, to give thee some notion of my zeal for thy happiness, which is only another word for goodness; for without virtue there can be but misery. Fortune, power, riches, may gather round a man, but all are vain and worthless enjoyments, if conscience be not friendly;

friendly; and she is too faithful to whisper peace when she has been insulted. Ever consult this secret guardian, my son; if all be right there, thou mayest hold the torture of man at defiance; thou mayest quaff the cup of sorrow, yet all shall be well; thine eye shall close, though thy pillow be of stone. Oh, Heaven! I ask thee not to give him earthly good, but that thou wouldst bless my son in virtue, and that thou wouldst support him in the hour of trial. Beauchamp, my friend, I have opened my heart before thee—thou seest my hopes, my wish, my fears; look upon this boy with the eye of a father, when thy various duties may afford thee a moment. Let him be restored to me a pale and breathless corpse, I attend his dust with a firm step to the vault of my ancestors. Return him to me in health but lost to goodness, and I sink with shame and grief into the compassionate grave, which will of itself open to cover a miserable being that is crushed to death by the profoundest disappointment of man."

A deep and long silence shewed how greatly

greatly all were affected in the words of the Earl of Mercia. Edgar grasped his father's hand; he durst not—he could not speak. "Retire, my son," said the Earl, "it grows late—Heaven bless thee!" The youth rose, bowed, and obeyed.

"Be comforted," said Warwick, when he had retired, "be of good heart, my friend, thy son is a noble youth; I dare answer for it, he will never degrade his high birth, and thy expectations; I too, my Atheling, am a father, but I never had doubts or such fears as thou hast. What wouldst thou hope for that he is not possessed of? he is modest, courteous, unassuming, dutiful; with an eye of fire when matters of glory are talked of; be assured, the young lord shall never be unworthy of thee." "All his noble qualities," replied Mercia, "I understand—I feel them—but my son is inexperience itself—nay, I know not—there is, Beauchamp, a peculiarity in his education, which I have perhaps, for my reproach; yet, oh that this may not be the cause of ruin and misery! wretched, most wretched, should I be—I have taught

my

my son all that is beautiful in mankind; I have ever concealed their great defects. In general terms only, have I hinted at what his little daily experience proved, that no man is perfect; but the dreadful propensities that can rouse a malignant nature—great and shocking crimes, horrible pictures of life, these I have ever studiously withheld from his thoughts. No book did I ever permit him to examine that promoted virtue by means of vicious ends; I wished him the rather to read and dwell upon the good, that he might see how to copy virtue, than to present him with many dreadful characters that he might hate vice. The very examination of crimes is dangerous—at least, I thought so. Of ingratitude, pride, rancorous hate and envy, treachery and falsehood, which in the world he may meet with, he has scarcely an idea. And this is now my source of terror—how will he believe that a person does a virtuous act from other than principle? and yet such has been. I dread the impression of these heart-rending discoveries; but, perhaps, his natural benevolence

may

may hinder him from perceiving, or at least from giving full credit to what strikes his mind. Yet, how many good actions may he not perform, how many sweet moments may he not enjoy from his tender heart! Surely, surely, experience will but serve to teach him prudence and discrimination in bestowing his affection—thus have I argued; for I have mixed with the young, and have often with disgust seen a tender figure with a cold contracted heart, drawn up for defence, and prepared for treachery, mystery, and artifice. O never, have I a thousand times said, shall a son of mine resemble those. Let me keep his heart tender and unsuspecting; the world will regulate its overflowing affection by degrees. Thus have I reasoned, my Beauchamp; if I have erred, the sin be mine; mine is the fault, and so may every transgression of my son be accumulated round this hoary head."

The Earl of Warwick soothed his friend and strove to cheer his sinking spirits—he conversed upon his own numerous family, and related many circumstances of interest

to

to amuse him. Sweet are the efforts of a friend to dispel the rising sigh, and lay the torturing fear; not half so grateful the swelling tide that rushes over the sandy fin of the dim eyed fish, and bears him upward gasping to his native element. The Earl of Mercia was calmed—night was far advanced—he embraced his friend, and both separated for rest.

Edgar during two hours in vain attempted to forget himself in sleep. The numberless sensations of the day by turns filled his mind; but chiefly he thought of his father's solemn address and his mother's tender words. "May I never be ungrateful to man, to my God," said he, with fervour, "may I always remember the principles that have been (and with what care, oh heaven!) instilled in me!" At length nature sealed his lids; and as the prudent archer relaxes the bow whilst inactive, that it may preserve its energy, so nature gradually unbent the agitated fibres of Edgar's mind and lulled her favourite to repose.

BOOK V.

THE ACTION.

WHAT is the celestial being that presides at the sweet converse of beneficent spirits: Who is permitted in the presence of Eternal Majesty; the fragrance of whose breath reacheth to the earth, and is imbibed by the lip and robe of the spotless virgin? Her name is Chastity. She sometimes gathers her folding vest over her pure frame and involving herself in a shroud of ether, visits the dwellings of those who invoke her presence. She touches with her blushing finger the snowy forehead of those she loves, and writes there a mystic word, which the guilty in design read, comprehend, falter at, and tremble. The matron, the maid, the youth, the parent may be equally favoured by her, and she will present to each a golden key which locks out all the vices, and which they can not lose but by disregarding her precepts. Her touch ennobles the pen, and shews it how

how to bring the tear of innocence in the modest eye, without fear of being reproved for the sensibility of nature. Sweet power, stretch out thine arm over the works of present ages, and let posterity examine, smile and improve !

The pale moon was hastening to make way in the arch of heaven for the most powerful of mute created wonders, when Edgar threw off sleep and sprang upward. He stopped to collect his flitting recollections of the previous day. Images lay in a confused heap as he abruptly left them when he closed the eye and shut out worldly association; but presently, they returned, and arranged themselves in order under the past, the present, and the expected. " God of all !" said he, after a lengthened pause, " thou knowest, and thou only, the fate of all men ; but, whatever be my portion in this life, teach me to have confidence in thy protection, and I shall not dare provoke thee to withdraw it." The youth bent the knee to adore his Creator for the sweet rest he had enjoyed, and having plunged in the deep baths of Restor-

mal, fed by the rapid Fowey, he turned his step to the apartment of the royal Duke of Aquitain.

He listened; all was silent. "Great Prince," murmured Edgar, "may thy repose be sweet; may the gentlest dreams lull every care of royalty, and as thy people passionately love thee, so mayest thou endure to hear from the angels that surround thy bed, that a good Prince is the noblest gift of heaven." Edgar then proceeded to his father's apartment, and with respect saluted him. "Edgar," said the Earl, "the son of our monarch spares this day to parental affection—to friendship—to a faithful people who are anxious to be acquainted with his person. Beauchamp has just quitted me, and has received the instructions of the morning from his Prince." "So early!" replied Edgar, "I passed his door, and thought he still slept." "No, my child, active minds arrange in the morning twilight, and execute at the dawn. To-morrow we lose thee; play well this day the honoured subject. All the sports of the chase must amuse our Prince, and give occasion

occasion to thousands for exulting in a sight of England's heir; see that nothing be wanting to prove our joy in his condescension. For thy departure to-morrow, be also prepared; Beauchamp attends his Prince to Woodstock, and from thence steals to his superb castle to bid farewell to his lady and daughters; he proposes to introduce thee, and I desire that thou decline not the favour. From home endearments he will conduct thee to the British fleet, that will waft thee to glory in life or death for thy country. Haste then to the several duties of entertainment, and preparation for departure. Much is expected from thee—cause not a father's blush."

Edgar pressed the Earl's hand—embraced his mother, and flew to obey. Whilst the morning repast was being arranged, he sought the falconer.[36] "My friend," said he, "the Earl, my father, is desirous that our Prince should have a noble sport this day; let us see, we pray, some extraordinary feats, that our birds may not disgrace your skill and our province." "Sir," answered the man, "I am prepared; and

hope for nothing better than the honour of setting my faithful birds; and I dare be bold to assert, that my lord, the Prince, shall never have been more gratified." Edgar commended his ready care, and passed to the hunstman. "Release," said he, "from the parks, the finest stag at noon, and cast off the hounds shortly after; the Prince would join in the chase ere he leaves us." "Yes, my lord," returned the huntsman, "and proudly will we shew his grace[87] the strength of the British scent."

Edgar returned to the castle; the chapel bells[88] rang for prayers, and Edward desired to assist at them. He saluted the Countess and led her to her seat, whilst the company arranged themselves, all anxious to pour forth praises for mercies granted, and supplications for the future. Earnest were the entreaties of the Prince for his father, his country, his family; of the Earl, for his son's virtue; of the Lady Elgiva, for the life of this son; of Edgar, for his parents' health; of Beauchamp and the other guests, for their particular wants. Every one had a wish that lay near his heart, and all looked up to One Great

Great Giver for the grant of that which should complete his happiness. Alas! all were equally thoughtless, that the fulfilment of one wish but opens room for others in the breast of man.

Then followed the repast, and the loud clarion from the entrance, the trampling of fiery horses, the shouts that blasted round, bespoke the thronging concourse, and the impatience of the thousands who were assembled to gaze on their Prince. He smiled, and benevolently pressing the Earl's hand, regretted the necessity of his stay; then beckoned to Edgar, and sallied forth; vaulted on the courser, and as the proud beast reared aloft, as if to display the grace and dextrous management of his royal master, he fearlessly held the rein with one hand, and elevated with a gracious smile, his waving plumes high in air, with the other. The delighted people again applauded, whilst the Prince striking with the tickling spur the animal's silken flanks, rose up in the stirrup, and animated his people to the sports of the day. The steed indignant, hoped to weary the noble rider. "Avaunt,

proud steed!" said Edward smiling, and with one hand still grasping the helmet; "there, I give thee thy pace—fly!" The generous animal tossed his mane at the defiance. The trump sounds—he flits the ear; glares with the ball; the nostril expands; he champs the bit; he hears the dogs' cry; they scent; he paws the ground; he is off; gone! The trumpets blow; shouts gather in the wind; the whole mass flits away. In the foremost rank is the ardent Edgar. Never before had he bounded in the chase; his manly breast kindled with interest in the exertion. Now the foaming steeds scour the rocky hill, and scatter over the extended plain. And now they are lost in the deep and rugged glen. The dog, panting and breathless, listens to the horn. He stops; is revived, and again darts forward. Edgar was separated from the royal guest; a rapid stream flowed before him and intercepted his path; he paused not, but plunged the snorting animal in the waves, rides their surface, and gains the shore. The hounds are heard—a rustling! The stag is caught; with agony he shakes the

the branch; gasping, trembling. Edgar alighted. "Poor beast!" cried he, "how I pity thee; I will release thee; save thyself yet a little longer." He tore the stubborn branch; again the animal leaped forward with the bough. The dogs approached, sprang on the victim, which fell, turned a grateful look on Edgar, and expired. The youth felt an emotion in the sight, and he looked aside to conceal it. The huntsman broke off the branching antlers and offered them to the Prince, who commanded that they should be Edgar's trophy, for he had observed his rapid pursuit from a neighbouring eminence. This arranged, the venison was borne homewards. Four leagues had the party strayed from Restormal. The company measured back their steps with gentler pace, and in one hour the castle was spied, rearing its proud head midst its native rocks and timber.

Another horn presently bespoke a different diversion. The wary falconer was nigh, with his birds perched on either fist, and surrounded by a double brace of sleek and obedient spaniels. The Prince alighted,

and gave the courser to his attendants, who followed the weary pack and their booty, immediately to the castle.

And now the sagacious pointer breed silent lead on. They first glance the keen eye athwart the low underwood. Death is not more mute than they; the fore-foot raised; the ear slipped aside; the eye not daring even to scan the master. The covey springs. "Now, bravely my birds!" said the man, stroaking the sleek falcons,"[39] off, to your duty!" In a moment he seizes the tassels of the hoods which covered their bright eyes, he tosses up the first—they spread the wing—they soar aloft—they mix with cloŭds and are lost.

The sagacious dog again points, and a ravenous kite springs high in the air. The falconer hailed it; "'Tis ours!"—he cannot escape for such is his particular lure. The anxious assembly gazed abroad. As a speck in the heavens, appeared the first bird, winding and circling to make sure the prey. Meantime, the covey thought themselves no longer pursued; midway of earth and heaven, they winged a gentler flight;

flight ; but as the wrecked mariner buffeting with horror the whelming waves, exults at last in pressing the shore, and rushes towards the treacherous sand that shall swallow him ; so glided the two partridges ascending. The subtle falcon abrupt, lowered the wing ; as a stone she dropped, and grasped a bird in either pounce. Amazed, affrighted, it screamed ; she heeded not, but faithful listed to the voice of her master who saw the conquest, and raised the voice to reclaim her. Nobly she fixed her eye, and alighted on his arm. But a moment she staid ; another prey of the largest kind, flitted by. She soared away, and with a long struggle, laid at her master's feet a crane of young and fine breed ;[40] released her prize, and received with joy the caresses of her instructor. In a few moments, the other falcon bent downward her flight : her master spied and hailed her effort ; she still struggled on the earth with the fierce enemy. " Generous bird," said the falconer, stroaking down her ruffled plumes, " thou art wounded ; heed it not, thou shalt be repaid :" whereupon he twisted the

neck of the malignant prey, and divided the carcase between his favourites. Then each bird planted her talons round the friendly cuff, and thus perched, the tinkling bell ceased; she submitted to the white hood, and was satisfied to wait her master's pleasure.

Other feats did the birds: but the lengthened shadows warned the Prince of the decline of day. Once more he entered the castle, enlivened by the sports of the chase, and keen for the repast. The goblet of rich English wines, equalling those of foreign vintage,[41] passed briskly round. The Prince, after the first draught, but touched the edge; but the gay Beauchamp and the knights quaffed freely. "My Lord of Mercia, give us music; the harp; let us have the British harp, with the harmony of the crûth," gaily exclaimed the Earl of Warwick. The Earl called upon Alfred. "Come on, young man; do thy best: often hast thou tuned the harp to Restormal walls. Try now thy skill, before my lord the Prince, and my noble guests." Alfred would have sought for an excuse, but finding none, resolutely

solutely seized the instrument, resolved to brave at once the rising dismay. He preluded a moment, and then rose in full and mellow voice to these words:

TO POESY.

To sing thy triumphs, charming maid,
Incline, bright POESY, thine aid:
Let all confess, and melting see,
Love, grace, and harmony in thee.
When heavenly GENIUS took a consort queen,
And NATURE smil'd a bride,
He left his brilliant star,
The virgin Phosphorus,
And urg'd the ray-bound car,
To hold his court with us.
Enthron'd on crystal beam'd the pair,
Whilst guardian spirits fed the temper'd air:
The youth of Nature's train,
Press'd round a smile to gain;
Toss'd back the hair
To glean the word,
For Rumour there
Had hung a prize for one to be preferr'd.

Th' enquiring monarch earnest gaz'd around,
Whilst pausing, all admire:
To meet his graceful bend,
Three beauteous virgins move,
Each Sister, Art, and Friend,
Entwin'd by polish'd Love.

"Advance,

" Advance, sweet maids," great Genius cried,
" And strain th' angelic powers to charm my bride:
First, youthful Painting shine,
And raise the stroke divine;
Then Music's spell
Shall throb the heart,
When Poesy's proud swell
May sweep through verse and ride the lofty part."

With modest blush the Sisters yielding, rise
To grace the honour'd day:
Warm'd with a generous fire,
The court in tumult stirr'd;
The queen exalts the hand,
That silence may be heard.
The plodding maid now strains the loom,
And marks the sketch and spreads the growing bloom.
The phantom lies display'd;
Now faintly strives in shade:
Behold! a smile
Sweet promise gives;
Yet, list awhile,——
The wond'ring canvas trembles, starts and lives!

Hail, lovely excellence! be thine the prize!
A thousand echoes ring:
But Time bent o'er unseen,
And scarr'd the tender thread:
The vivid wonder glides away,
And flashes with the dead.
Music, in pity, tuned the string,
To drown a sister's grief and soothe her king.

Soft

Soft was the plaintive strain,
And dear the gentle pain;
She rushes on
In bolder woe;
Eyes glaring shone,
And swelling vessels dash the bubbling flow.

The maid observant, damp'd the ardent note,
And rous'd loose melody:
The rage tumultuous dies,
And Mirth in dimples steals;
Still gayer strains arise,
And now hale laughter breaks his peals.
"Enough, sweet Art; suspend the tyrant skill;
Cease, and restore the captive will."
The maid submissive stands
To wait the high commands;
Time grasps again
With baneful hold,
Impression fades,
And once-warm Sympathy sits freezing in her fold.

To mute dejection fell the generous glow;
Gloom warp'd the monarch's brow.—
In haste bright Poesy
Preferr'd her magic form;
And, wrapp'd in ecstacy,
Dispell'd the smother'd storm.
First, with the Satyr's ken, she archly plays,
And poignant, rankles Vice by monstrous praise.

Some

Some in the court there were
Who spied a mirror's glare;
And easy these.
But some confus'd,
For Conscience press'd
To take another glance, and blush'd as sh perus'd.

Now in a length of solemn strains the verse extends,
Low o'er sepulchred worth she mournful bends.
Here 'twas a pair by virtue bound,
And there the tender friend;
A little Hope earth weeps around,
And now proud Glory's end.
The swelling sigh the audience mournful heaves;
The maid from Elegy relieves,
And Epigram to wield
She rubs his polish'd shield;
Plays in his line,
And nerves his wing,
In attic brine
She steeps the thought, and points the smarting sting.

The vigorous Ode she leads along,
Now light with Fancy, now in grandeur strong:
The numbers rise to stir the soul,
To teach the lofty deed;
The simple ballad winds its way,
And Patriots sing and bleed.
Next in keen likeness start gay Drama's laws,
The pompous buskin, grave, commands applause.—
Rise

Rise, Glory rise, to epic verse,
Magnanimous and terse,
Swell beauteous on,
And proudly grow;
Bid Vice begone,
And charm to noblest action man below.

But Sacred Verse, rear thy great strength sublime,
Speak of a God supreme who laughs at Time;
The God who rais'd his hand
And dress'd a world;
Who scatter'd suns at one command,
And planets round the axis twirl'd.
Frail mortal, rest thy hope on Him,
He gave thee breath and strung thy limb!
The high Redeemer's praise
Shall grateful rise;
Angels shall plead,
And Man's dependance touch the skies.

At this dread name
The awed assembly bow;
Time backward flits,
And trembling, crouches low.
The roofs with conquering Poesy redound,
And Nature kiss'd the Maid as Genius crown'd.

The sweet musician paused; and as the breath suspends on hearing the plaintive and lovely nightingale, in the hope that she

she may again swell her little throat and tune another lay; so every one of the guests at Restormal Castle refrained from a word or sign—but the strains had ceased. The Prince of Wales first broke the silence, with loud and noble commendation —Alfred bowed low. Acclamations on all sides burst forth—" my lords—your grace" —The Prince held up his hand for silence. " Your grace and my lords should know," cried Alfred, " that the music alone is mine—the words are those of my lord Edgar."—" Generous young man!" exclaimed Edward. " Most generous!" cried the Earl of Mercia; I knew not that my son had tuned his imagination so high. Edgar, where art thou? Advance—and as thou canst touch the manly crûth, exert thy powers to amuse thy Prince, and to relieve the generous Alfred."—" Yes, I intreat," said the Prince. " We intreat our young chief," burst from every side.

The youth, appalled at the first word of Alfred, had sheltered himself behind the Earl's chair. " Oh, my father, command me not, for I dare not disobey," whispered he

he in terror. "Yes, I command thee," answered the Earl aloud. Edgar bent, and slowly suffered the pleased Alfred to lead him towards the gallery. A film seemed to thicken over his lids—the knee tottered—a trembling crept over his hand, and his polished forehead was covered with melting drops of fear. Alfred respectfully put the crûth near him, and softly muttered, "oh, my lord, be mindful of your honour—a thousand eyes are upon you."—"I know it, Alfred, but too well," returned the youth; "but what can I strike—what subject—alas!"—"I have heard you, my lord," said Alfred hastily, "recite, in wild uneven measure, the Battle of Crescy—'twill be now a happy theme. Come, hasten sir; observe my lady the Countess, how anxious, how eager is her look—see your mother expire with shame, or rouse yourself from this unmanly modesty."—Whilst he spoke, he feigned to be arranging the crûth—he now stepped backward, his generous heart beating anxiety, though he appeared confident of the powers, and easy in the skill of his young lord.

His

His words saved Edgar—who ventured to raise his eye to his mother—he saw her pale and motionless—the blood dashed upward from his heart in the instant; he snatched the instrument, drew the first tone, spoke the first lines, and then, borne away by the subject, rose by degrees into grandeur and energy.

THE BATTLE OF CRESCY.*

Glory! lift thy voice supreme,
Blaze round my lip, and animate my theme;
Rush through the numbers, teach the heart to glow,
Storm with heroic rage—or wildly flow.

Great England's monarch watch'd th' eventful day,
Embrac'd his kingdom's pride, and bowed to pray;
Stalked through the camp adored by all,
And rous'd to martial fury, at the call;[42]
Perceiv'd the disposition made;
To east, the forest Crescy's shade;
To right, the moat and dashing Maye;
Behind, huge walls of timber fenced the way.—
Now, my brave friends! all else deferr'd,
Be Victory or Death, the word!
Retreat is vain—encompassed round,
We tread a conqu'ring or a martyr'd ground
Three great divisions—mark my will:
The first command the Prince shall fill;

* Collins's Life of the Black Prince.

Beauchamp, attend to aid the youthful chief;
Chandos be prompt to hold relief;
Fitz-Allan, Bohun, lead the second on;
Retir'd I wait, and give the glory to my son.
High rang the shouts at this array:
" Our Prince shall wear and win the day;
Our hearts are his—let Edward point the way!"

Now the ten thousand quick enjoy repast,
Sheath the long bow, and wait the signal blast;
Impatient on the supple grass they rest,
Then upward start, to ease the panting breast.

Noon and three hours are fled. They come!
The foe cloud-wrapp'd advance to meet the doom.
Now unfolds the motley train,
Dukes, lords, and princes skirt the plain;
De Valois, and Majorca's noble king,
Bohemia's too, with warriors of the string;
Prince Charles,* and every noble of the realm,
Joined the huge force, and drove the crazy helm;
Six times ten thousand strong they prov'd,
Undisciplin'd, and rash they mov'd.

De Valois mark'd the ready English care,—
Pale wax'd the cheek—said he, " do we beware;
We halt this day—'twere hazard yet to fight,
Let each collect his strength, and rest through night."
" No, no!" the numbers eager cry:
" Now is the hour in arms to try!"
The chiefs agree—and quick divide
The wond'rous throng, and prance beside.

* Collins's Life of the Black Prince.

And now, behold the darken'd sun
Laments the fate of man;
Floods thick descend, and streaming run,
As winds convulsive fan.
'Tis past—the trumpet sounds to fight—
Full on the foe displeas'd glare beams of light.*

Twenty thousand men advance;
The Genoese let fly the bow;
The wearied arm, and moisture check the blow:
Others betake them to the lance.
They pant, they groan, to reach the British pride,
The Prince perceived, and modestly defied;
Crowds rush on crowds, and hither bend the way,
"Bear down the English Prince!" they cry, and briskly play.

Quick flew the British arrow on its wing,
Plung'd in the bloody bed, and bit the vital spring!
Heaps piled on heaps—the hostile fall—
Mute rolls the tongue, and deaf the ear to all.

Beauchamp saw the furious aim,
Spurr'd near his Prince, and nearer came.
Amaz'd he stood, to see the royal child,[43]
Noble as virtuous and mild,
So valiant in his tender years,
So prudent in command, so strange to fears;
"Ah!" he cried, "what legions hither swarm,
Heav'n shield my Prince, my darling Prince, from harm."

* Collins's Life of the Black Prince.

On the British chieftain dash'd—
Anger in his visage flash'd—
High he swung the battle-axe,
And mow'd th' assaulting arm as flax.
Yet still with lab'ring thought survey'd
The Prince, whose sword such havoc made.

" Hark ye, sir knight, speed to the King,
And crave his Grace t' advance, and succour bring;
The Prince, my lord, o'erwhelmed by foes,
Else falls—at him whole thousands aim the blows."

Swift to a hill he flies,
The monarch hastes to hear;
" My liege, my news Lord Warwick's fear,
The Prince needs fresh supplies."

" What of the Prince?" the King demands,
" Hurt, fall'n, or slain?"—
" Neither, your highness—with the faithful bands
He lives, to animate the plain."

" Away then, sir, to those that send,
I will not aid my son;
The glory of the day to him I lend,
Let knighthood and his spurs be won."

The messenger return'd, and gave the word;
Big swell the shouts—the Prince smil'd, blush'd, and heard.

Now,

Now, archers, charge th' enemy's flank,
Close, my brave, and press the rank!
Play away,
Our's the day;
Arundel here,
Northampton there;*
My Prince advances,†
Wield the lances;
They fly—they fly—
Ah! brave Moravia and Bohemia die.‡
Seize the standard,
Grasp it forward;
Is De Valois slain?—
No, but bleeds on his third horse again;§
He's borne away—
Old England conquers!—Hail! most glorious day!

The tender monarch rushes on—
"Where is the noble chief, my darling son?"
The modest Edward bent the knee.
"Rise, my best child, that I embrace thee;
Thy great renown shall to each babe be taught,
Well thou deserv'st that crown for which we've fought."
The valiant Prince made no reply.
Tears fell from ev'ry generous eye.
Low to the ground he bow'd,
Whilst his lov'd virtues wring th' adoring crowd.

The noble corse of great Bohemia's king,
Four knights respectful bring;

"Give

* Collins's Life of the Black Prince. † History of Bohemia.
‡ Knighton's History of Edward III. § Froissart.

" Give to the Prince his arms and shield,
Ich Dien his motto, in the state or field.
Now grant we honours to the royal dead,"
Cried England's king, " and then to pray'r we lead."
" What mercies our's! When forty thousand foes lie slain,*
With all their highest nobles scatter'd on the plain;
A few brave soldiers of our list are gone;
Of higher rank we mourn three knights alone.
Bend then to Him, from whom all vict'ry springs,
The Great Omnipotent! and King of Kings!"

The pious nation grateful haste t' obey,[44]
And prostrate fall, and bless the night away.

He ceased. The whole concourse wept with mingled transport and tenderness. In vain, in vain had the magnanimous Prince attempted to check the beginning of the song; he hid his noble countenance in his hands; he essayed to steal gently from his elevated seat, but his people flung themselves on the ground, and with uplifted hands, silently implored his stay; he resumed the seat, and with downcast look, painfully suffered the praise which every ear seized with rapture. " 'Tis well, my

 son,"

* Collins's Life of the Black Prince.

son," cried the Earl of Mercia; "sweet have thy words sounded, for they spoke to the glory of a Prince that England loves!" —"Of a Prince that England loves!" burst forth from the ardent multitude.

Edward rose; a grateful tear moistened his generous eye; his voice faltered;—"Great people, cease, cease!—and you, my lord, cease, I entreat, this excess of praises, which so far outstrip my merits. If England has fought and conquered, let her thank the wise and noble monarch of these happy realms, my beloved father; and see in him the instrument of an eternal will which gives the command, and kingdoms fall or triumph: to Him then, as the Lord Edgar hath so well observed, in his conclusion, to Him be the praise. Great Lord of Heaven!" exclaimed the Prince, and bent on his knee, "preserve this generous people; bless the King, my father, and grant him prosperity; subdue in us all the spirit of pride and vain-glory, and teach us, who are by thy direction, appointed to govern others, that we ourselves are but men that must one day give up life, and ascend

ascend to the foot of thy throne to declare all our past deeds, and to be requited according to our deserts."

Edward rose, impressed with the deepest veneration. The people held a profound silence. He advanced to the Earl, and embraced him. "Farewell, my generous cousin! may heaven give you life and happiness in your son. Good friends, fare ye well; continue to love your king, as he tenderly loves you. Accept my thanks for your loyal affection, and rely on me for a prince that will never dishonour his country. Dear lady," and he respectfully raised the Countess's hand to his lip, "receive my acknowledgments for this noble reception; to-morrow, before the dawn," continued he aloud, "we leave the hospitable Castle of Restormal. My lords, I trust to your vigilance." So saying, the Prince bowed several distinct times, and then moved with his attendants to his apartment.

In a few moments, a vast bustle prevailed in the hall. Many first reflected, that in a few hours they were to leave friends and

relatives; and sadness crept over the brow. Others recollected, that little matters remained to be settled, and they hastened to prepare for a long separation. The hall was quickly thinned.

The Earl called for the armour of his youthful days. The shield-bearer presented it. Mercia passed his hand carefully over the silver-studded breast-plate, and felt its high polish; he took the helmet, and by the touch discovered that the royal crest was still perfect; then he unsheathed the bright sword of his ancestors, drew his finger over the keen edge, and tied in another knot a thong of leather, which encircled the diamond hilt. "Edgar," said he; "My father," answered the youth; "Edgar, take these arms, and use them to defend your country, and to protect the injured. The strip of leather on the sword, preserve; 'tis a relique of honour. King Richard the Lion gave this with the sword, to an ancestor of our's at Jerusalem, to encourage him and others of his brave army to exertion. 'Twas bound on the left knee,

knee, and is the origin of the noblest order of knighthood in the world.[45] Now hasten, child, to prepare for thy departure, and heaven bless thee! One embrace, Edgar, and I leave thee to thy mother; spare her feelings, and be manful in the moment of trial." So speaking, the Earl strained his son to his breast, and resolutely putting his arm in that of Beauchamp, who stood near, desired him to lead on to his chamber. Edgar, pale and motionless, saw him depart; his mother rushed to him. "What, my son! is this the moment? is it really come?" She grasped his hand, and urged him to the adjoining chapel. The tapers burned on the altar. "Lights!" said she wildly, "ye burn dim, ye respect a mother's grief." She fell on the marble step; Edgar threw himself beside her. "Oh, my mother, speak! speak to me!"—"Edgar," said she, with quickness, "my son, when thou art far away from thy paternal mansion; when in the fury of battle, in the storm of elements; when thy loved face is bathed in the tear of sorrow, and illness spreads through thy veins, then, my child,

even then, a smile shall pass thy lip, for thou shalt figure to thyself, this mother, in this posture, before this altar, begging heaven to comfort thee. Edgar, if we should meet no more, and this may be, child—Sharp pointed arrow, turn away from my child, and drink not his innocent blood!—But we may go before thee, love. Oh, my son, if thou rememberest any little harshness of thy mother,—she was anxious for thee, my life; for thy welfare,—pardon her."

Edgar supported his parent, his breast suffocated with anguish. The Countess heard his convulsive sob, and suddenly rising, cried, "Oh, how weak is my heart! Edgar, leave me; I shall presently be calm. Son of my bosom, bless him, Lord!" She imprinted a kiss on his cold forehead, pressed him in her maternal arms, and then motioned with her hand for him to depart. He rushed towards the entrance, beckoned to the female attendants to pass to the chapel, seized a taper, and hurried to his room;—distracted, he entered it, and fell at once on his face. During several moments, he remained

mained senseless, but at length he recovered, and perceived the light on the ground, took it up, and replaced it on a table. The generous Beauchamp now sought him, and endeavoured to divert his agony with great deeds of fame. Edgar listened, or appeared to do so, and when the Earl of Warwick left him, flung himself unrobed on the couch, and, with a thousand mingled emotions, waited the dawn.

BOOK VI.

THE ACTION.

I FEEL thee, tenderest throb of the human breast; I feel thee, soft Sympathy, gently putting aside every other concern, that thou mayest fondle with pity and drown the cares of a heavier heart than thine. Oh soft gentleness, let me sing to thee, whilst thou shalt echo back each caressing word.

When man transgress'd and tore the blushing tree,
Archangels wept, and blew their Lord's decree:
Be grief thy lot, they sang, in sorrow toil,
The drops that lave thy crime may moist the soil.

The tear that trembled on an angel's face,
Was caught by Mercy, and preserv'd by Grace.
Thence sprang the balm to every mortal's woes,
It sought the breast of man, and hidden blows.

What tender name shall mark this heav'n born friend,
Which mourns our grief and in our joys can blend,
Charms whilst we live, consoles us when we die?
Soft breathe, my soul, and list—'tis Sympathy!

The pale moon still leaned over the nodding forest and trembled among the fluttering leaves, when the Duke of Aquitain broke

broke from sleep, threw on his vest and black armour, and summoned his attendants to the castle entrance. In a moment, his esquire led forth the charger, he sprang upon him, whilst he dropped a handful of gold in the chaplain's robe to be distributed among the needy. The Lord Stafford advanced and craved excuse for Beauchamp who would instantly follow. Whereupon the Prince bowed to the people already assembled, pressed the spur, and dashed onward.

The blasts of the trumpet fell on the listening ear of Edgar and chilled his heart. They grew stronger—honour suddenly flushed his cheek—his trembling finger in vain essayed to clasp the coat of mail with which, for the first time, his perfect limbs were encircled. Beauchamp, the generous Beauchamp, entered. "What! young man," said he, "are you not yet below with your Prince? Come, Edgar, I will aid thee, the son of Mercia should not be among the tardy." "Oh, my lord," cried the youth, "would my father honour me by one word—Oh, Sir, and my mother

too." "I have just left thy father," said Warwick, "he tells me he has bidden thee farewell—hark! another blast—haste! the brave are ever foremost when the trumpet calls. I hear the Prince—'tis his voice—my lord, I come. Now, Edgar, quick—see, I will carry thy helmet—now fly we the steps—Alfred waits with thy horse—then he joins the bannerets and the Cornish troop.—Ah! the Prince is gone! mount—haste, Edgar, not a moment is ours, or we are disgraced!"

As the skilful physician creates in his remedy a temporary evil which magnifies itself to the patient's eye, thus the tenderness of Beauchamp threw on Edgar's mind ideas of an offended prince, and a dishonoured name. Astonished, confounded, bewildered, by sorrow, wonder, terror, and glory; hardly trusting his senses, the youth scoured up the hills by his friend, who still urged him to more vehemence by his words. At times, Edgar's spirit began to subside; the Earl of Warwick perceived, and spoke of Cresсy, of Windsor, of the great King Edward. "Thou wilt love our monarch,

monarch, Edgar," said he, "and I foresee that thou wilt be distinguished by him; he loves a young and martial spirit. To fifty young gentlemen did he give knighthood on the morning of Crescy. Thou hast already received the honour from the son, and wilt, I doubt not, from the sire, before thou shalt have made one captive or received one ransom." The youth smiled but spoke not; and now the Prince was in sight, and Beauchamp pointing him out to his charge was satisfied to see the ardour of his countenance, as the first sun-beam flashed upon it.

The Prince hurried on to Launceston castle; there he perceived Edgar and kindly addressed him. The young chieftain was deeply touched by his goodness, and mounted the fresh steed allotted him with hopes beginning to smile on his brow. Soon the party quitted the last county, and Edgar felt his soul revived in the beautiful prospects which rose on either side. The rich verdure of the shires beyond his own—their luxuriant foliage deeply tinged with autumn brown—the winding streams laugh-

ing round, with the rich and swelling valley, delighted a mind accustomed to bold rocks and wild nature. "Oh, my country!" said Atheling, "how lovely art thou! how nobly, grateful soil, dost thou repay the anxiety and care of thy masters! —how well, my England, dost thou deserve the zeal of thy warriors! even wert thou less beautiful, charming land, we might well prize thee—as thou art, doth a drop of blood flow in the vein, that we would refuse to pour out in thy defence!" So mused the youth when his panting steed loitered behind the royal train. Sometimes the Earl of Warwick slackened his pace to converse with and encourage him, for Edgar with the modesty of deference ventured not to approach the person of his Prince, but held aloof, till the Duke stopped for relays, when he courteously invited and seated him at his table and repast.

Edward, noble, generous, and modest himself, failed not to love the virtues in another. He observed the young Atheling and admired his unassuming devotion, and silent respect—his words were full of kind-

ness

ness and encouragement, and the grateful soul of the youth was expressed in the finest and most animated countenance of nature.

Beauchamp, secure in the hearts of monarch and son, saw the rising prepossession with honest pleasure; and to give expanse to the homage of his young friend, siezed all opportunity of amusing him with numberless little histories of the royal goodness; to all which Edgar listened with delight. Thus the lively, the gallant, the open-hearted Earl inspired him with confidence, and the son of Mercia durst speak of home, of his beloved parents, of what might be their thoughts, their pursuits, their pastime; and Beauchamp to gratify himself and him, pursued the theme.

On the fourth day, the vast population spreading on every side, bespoke the vicinity to a great metropolis. Welcome! proud city, that rearest thy magnificent head among the clouds, encircled as thou art for leagues by the stately river which presses in its bosom the superb forests of the mighty Ocean. London! proud mistress of our generous empire, we hail thee!

Buried

Buried in astonishment and awe, the young Edgar gazed around him. The venerable Abbey of Saint Peter[46] resting in solemn majesty, attested the labours of early Christianity. Atheling looked, but dared not speak. The royal cavalcade passed the stupendous arches of stone, thrown across the noble Thames.[47] The Cathedral of St. Paul looked down secure in its immensity.[48] "Oh wonderful works of art!" exclaimed Edgar, and was again silent—his steed followed the train—he heeded it not; he heard not the shouts of thousands, on the recognition of the Prince they adored. With eyes fixed on the streets of extent without end, of warehouses filled with all the luxury and produce of a world;[49] of vast edifices and stately palaces, he moved incapable of utterance. At the Savoy palace[50] the Prince alighted, and then prepared to visit the monarch at his palace of Westminster, whilst the Earl of Warwick respecting the interview, fell back, and conducted Edgar to his mansion hard by, till the following day, when he promised to lead him to the feet of his King.

The

The great Edward received the noble youth with more than his usual affability, and as Beauchamp declared the ambition of the warrior, he instantly confirmed the honour of knighthood which had been before given; and Edgar withdrew from the court glowing with eagerness, to distinguish himself in the career of fame. As he quitted the royal presence, a knight rushed forward, and caught him to his breast. "Edgar," cried he, "can it be that we should thus meet, when so little prepared for the joy?" "De Clifford, said the youth, "is it indeed my generous friend? most happy, too happy am I, in meeting thee. Oh, my friend, give me thy loved society, whilst I remain in this city—remember thou hast a place in Edgar's heart, next to his duty." How was the son of Mercia elated! he had a companion to whom he could impart his fears, his hopes; who would share all his griefs, and anticipate with him future glory. Not more exquisite is the sweet and flowing milk to the tender kine, than are the generous

nerous communications of friendship to a tender breast!

Beauchamp suddenly broke the conference. "Sirs, if ye would be witnesses to the most extraordinary combat of Christendom, I charge ye be ready by the dawn tomorrow. The King has just signified his pleasure that seats be reserved for the knights of his realm." Edgar modestly sought for explanation, and as the Earl of Warwick retired, thus spoke the Lord de Clifford:

"It happened to the valiant Hugh, King of Cyprus, father of the youth we knew at Oxford, to have in his service, against the Infidels, two knights; one of his own kindred, John de Vesconti, and the other, the base brother of John, who calls himself King of France, named Thomas de la Marche.* One has charged the other with having taken a sum of gold to betray the Christian army. The other denies this, and the captains fearing mischief, have obliged them both to take an oath to stand their

* Collins's Life of the Black Prince.

their award and to submit to trial in presence of the most honourable and worthy Prince of Christendom.* Accordingly, our great Edward is fixed on. The knights are arrived, and I guess to-morrow will be the day of trial, at which, shall surely be present, the great lords and princes from every court of Europe that are here assembled.†

For the information, Edgar thanked his friend, and both impatiently awaited the event.

The area of the King's palace was thronged before day. Foreign princes, ladies, and nobles, were placed on the right, the Prince of Wales, barons and knights of England and Ireland, on the left.‡ The lists were marked, and round them crouded thousands and tens of thousands of the people of London.

Now the trumpet sounded, the combatants appeared; Sir John threw down the gauntlet [51] before the King, and Sir Thomas

* Speed's History of England. † Hollinshed. ‡ Stow.

Thomas boldly raised it in defiance. The knights, completely armed, entered the lists. At the first tilt, the spears break on each other's shield, without either being moved from the saddle. They alight, and renew the combat on foot. At the same moment, both swords shiver to pieces. They grapple and fall locked in each other's arms. Eagerly gazed the vast multitudes. A profound silence reigns; hardly dares the spectator breathe. The knights eye each other through their visors, armed with steel bars. They rise together. Ah! Sir Thomas, thou hast short pricks of steel in thy gauntlets, thine adversary has none. They grapple again. Sir Thomas aims at the visage of his enemy. Sir John cries out, "I cannot aid myself." The great monarch of England throws down his wardour; the marshal cries, "halt!" The combat ceases. The Frenchman is victor, and the vanquished is at his mercy.

But Sir Thomas is satisfied, and refuses the power,—he advances to the most virtuous of princes; he bends the knee:—"Noble prince, justly surnamed by my nation,

ion *Le Neoir* from thy terrible deeds, nd loved through Europe for thy mag- nanimity, to thee I desire to present my oe, to do with according to thy pleasure, nd I desire to dedicate in the cathedral f St. Paul my own suit of armour to the reat patron of England, St. George, as a nark of gratitude for my deliverance."

The people shouted for admiration at he speech, but presently waited the reply rom the most beloved of men. Thus the Prince of Wales :—

"Generous Knight, I esteem myself not little honoured by the favourable meaning n which a stranger may take the few ctions of my life; and it seemeth to me hat I should but poorly acquit myself to- vards you, and but ill follow the example f the noblest of monarchs, and best and nost revered of fathers, if, after grate- ully accepting your offering, I did not elease Sir John de Vesconti, and provide im with a ship to regain his country. Thus, Sir John, are you free; and if the reservation of your life touch you, re-

member

member in your prayers the happiness and prosperity of England."

The whole court rose in admiration to gaze on the Prince, who raised from the ground the vanquished knight. King Edward pressed his glorious son in his arms. The people burst into tears of delight, whilst, "noble father! noble son!" echoed round. Edgar saw, but in silence; he looked down to conceal the emotion of his ardent soul. Then followed a splendid entertainment, and the court broke up.

De Clifford, during several successive days, conducted his friend through the superb metropolis of England. Its tower, palaces, streets and magazines challenged his warm admiration, and charmed his eye; but the moment was arrived when Beauchamp was to conduct his young friend to Windsor, that he might be present at the installation of a knight in the noble Order of the Garter, the most antient of Europe and the most sacred. Feasts, justs and tournaments, engaged the attention of the nobles t warriors of England, and gave fresh occasion

occasion to the Prince of Wales of signalizing himself for worth and valour.*

Edgar was placed at the round table erected at Windsor, to encourage honourable emulation, and to accommodate distinguished guests. Six hundred feet in circumference was the hospitable board, and here every knight and his men at war had a profuse diet at the king's cost.† Edgar was proud to sit among the great warriors and captains of the times; for guests of all nations were equally caressed and admitted to the royal banquet. The Queen too was graciously attentive to all who offered her their homage in the castle; and herself accompanied Warwick and Atheling in the splendid apartments, whilst the younger gazed in surprise and rapture on the exquisite paintings, the arras, and other valuables with which they were adorned.

Now the court adjourned to London, and the Black Prince waited final instructions previous

* Collins's Life of the Black Prince. † Speed. Rapin, p. 422.

previous to his departure for his new duke-dom. Beauchamp solicited and obtained leave to visit his family at Warwick, and Edgar, agreeable to his father's commands, accepted, with modesty, the offer to accompany him thither.

After having passed the beauteous and luxuriant middle counties, the Earl, in the second noon, perceived from afar the turrets of the vast castle of Kenelworth. One league farther, and amidst thousands of the most beautiful and lofty forest trees, the pure and insinuating Avon winding round her, with the proud steeple of her ancient church standing on an elevated rock, and looking tranquillity over neighbouring shires, appeared the lovely town which boasted that she gave name to the most generous of English nobles. "Behold! Edgar," cried the Earl, "behold the town of Warwick; at this distance, even half a league off, how the sight affects my old breast. I drew my first breath, Edgar, in that dear place, and of the many lovely trees that shade my castle walls, several were planted by this old

old fist. Yonder is Guy's cliff. Has thy father ever talked to thee of Guy, my glorious ancestor? Thou shalt see his sword and armour, and withal, the huge metal cauldron which held his porridge. 'Twas a brave champion. Hark, ye villains yonder;[52] to your spurs, and let my lady know who comes. Edgar, thou shalt see a goodly race of children; my pretty Countess hath blessed me fifteen times in likenesses of herself.* Ha! there—who goes? Dame, how dost thou? Come, give thy hand to thy lord,—how fares thy lady? —tell me good news, or by St. Edward I'll drown thee in the Avon." The matron rejoicing bent with smiles to the Earl, and bade him welcome. "The Countess, heaven be praised, my lord, is in good health." "Ha—ha!" exclaimed Beauchamp, "thou art a good creature, I knew thy smile well enough."—Saying which, he darted forward, nor stopped for joy till he sprang from his steed and caught his lovely wife to his arms. Nine sweet maids, the

* Dugdale. Biographia Britannica.

the youngest yet a child, he in turns saluted; and of his five sons, he tenderly embraced the two youngest. Edgar advanced not, lest he should interrupt the sweetest moments of human existence; but the Countess espied him, and demanded of the Earl who might be the noble stranger? "Embrace him, my life," said Warwick, "'tis the son of my friend Mercia."—"Can it really be?" said the lady;" "Welcome, noble Sir, I well knew thy father, but 'tis long since I have seen him. Welcome, dear son of our friend;" and the lady held out her soft hand and clasped his, as she made eager inquiry after his parents. Edgar sighed at the mention of these dear relatives, and hesitated to reply. The lady guessed his feelings, and turning to her charming daughters, named them to the youth. "My children, I present you with another brother," said the Earl; "see that you entertain him during our short stay."

The sweet freedom of the castle inmates, soon relieved the timidity of Edgar: permitted to pass whole hours in the family apart-

ments, he saw with delight the innocent and various occupations of young females, the report of whose unaffected modesty and opening charms, had already fired the hopes of the first nobles of the realm. "You see us ever busy," said the Countess, smiling on Edgar, "every woman is a queen in her own house; 'tis fit that she be early prepared to fill her throne with dignity. The English constitution maintaineth that the king can do no wrong; now, in our government, it is remarkable that the head is the only one responsible. It behoves us, then, who are queens and mothers too, among the first duties, to see that our daughters possess virtue, piety and industry. Yonder is a little cherub that this day passes over her eighth year, her young heart is beating with eagerness to see her father enter, that she may present him with a scarf of her own embroidering. Shew to brother Edgar, the little work, my Julia." The sweet girl fixed on the pleased youth her beautiful dark eye, threw her polished arm over the thick dark ringlets of her

open forehead, and with a half smile and side-long step, moved to him, whilst her sisters gazing, laughed. Edgar seated the little maid on his knee, as he admired the work. "I will make a scarf for you too, brother, if my mother will agree: may I, madam?" "Yes, surely, my child;" said the lady, "and we will give it to Lord Edgar when he returns from the wars." "My sweet sister," cried the youth, "Edgar will never part with the scarf if the lady Julia will be so good as to make one for him."

Thus happily passed the moments and swift. The day, the hour of departure arrived. Accustomed to his absence, the Countess could not see her beloved husband prepare to leave her for the distant war, without powerful emotion. "Oh, my best lord," said she, "heaven send thee back again to me unhurt. Thou hast been much favoured, my Beauchamp, so forward in danger, and so fortunate in escape. Be prudent, my love. Suffer not thy impetuous soul to lead thee too far. Remember

the

the little world that fix their happiness in thee. Oh, War, War! how dost thou torture a female heart: but come, my best lord, I will not distress thy generous soul. Oh, Beauchamp, be prudent: heaven bless thee; Edgar, farewell. So saying, the lady burst from them, and sought her chamber. The Earl, affecting a cheerful air, embraced his children, and mounting his steed, darted across the park, now and then hemming to clear his breast of the load that oppressed it. Edgar followed, scarcely less touched. On the bridge stood men, women and children, who with uplifted hands, prayed for the safety of their patron. He bowed to them and then rushed forward, nor stopped till he had cleared more than three leagues.

A horseman now furiously advanced. Beauchamp spoke: "Whom would ye, Sir? I perceive the royal badge; if the Lord of Warwick, I am he."—"I bear then, a letter for you, my lord," said the messenger, "from his highness the King." Whereupon he delivered it, couched as it was, in these terms:

"*Lord James Audley to the Earl of Warwick.*

"Haste, haste, haste, post haste;* for thy life, haste.

"Right dear Friend,

"As touching my lord, the Prince, he sets off this day for the harbour of Seton, in Devonshire.† The fleet lies off that coast, and the men at war are already embarked. Return not to London, but haste to meet the Prince at the aforesaid harbour.

"This much from

"Thy trusty friend,

(*Signed*) "JAMES AUDLEY.

"By command of the King."

"See now, Edgar," cried the Earl, "that we make the best of our road across the country, I cannot endure that we be waited for, when glory calls!" Thus they journeyed on, nor rested but for refreshment and relays, till they gained the port, where they had scarce arrived, when the Prince

* See Burn's Antiquities of Cumberland.

† Collins's Life of the Black Prince.

Prince and his retinue joined them; and the weary travellers snatched a short repose.

Meantime the captains of the fleet declared that a storm was gathering, and recommended a delay of some hours. The Prince judged it well to listen, and agreed to the advice.

Edgar having slumbered for several hours, arose and learned the decision of the captains, and the Prince's command for a delay. He paced the beach, and, looking upwards, beheld the clouds gathering gloom around them, and wrestling with the wind. The plover lowered her wing; and the lesser flight, screaming, sought places of shelter; the angry wave lashed its fellow, and foamed itself into a shapeless mass of fluid—resembling in its progress man, who rises from the mother element by imperceptible degress, bursts into motion, rears the head sometimes higher, now lower, than the kindred; but at last, weakened by effort, still trying at exertion and clinging to hope, flutters, dwindles into froth and emptiness, and is gone!—

"Storm!" cried Edgar, "thou wouldst detain us in the country we love, but it may not be. Oh, de Clifford," continued he, turning to the friend he had just met, "if I had wings as a bird, how soon would I cross yon hills, and take one look at Restormal."—"Wouldest thou not fear the rolling elements around thee?" asked his friend. "Who, I? O de Clifford," said the youth, "how canst thou inquire, when my life has glided so far among wild scenes? Many are the times that I have perched myself on the turret of our castle, to mark the awful indignation of Nature, whilst the lowered cloud has hung around my head, and poured forth her lightning below me; and dost thou ask me if I fear?"—"I love a daring spirit," said the friend; "and if thou really jest not, my steed is at thy disposal; eight leagues has the noble animal oft cleared for me in less than three hours. If this be the distance to Restormal, and thou desire but conveyance, be gratified."—"O, de Clifford, this one night then am I resolved to snatch to myself and paternal love. Shew me the covert

covert of thy generous beast, that I may fly." De Clifford led him to the spot. Swiftly the youth mounted, and bounded forward; and, as the little skiff at sea, scudding before the wind, is now sunken in the wave, and now gently and more gently rises on the sight, and at last disappears—so the uneven ground by starts shewed Edgar to the eye of his friend, as he watched his flight.

The beautiful courser sprang over the soil, nobly regardless of the storm, which her keen and wondrous instinct, the gift of a beneficent Creator to brutes, had taught her to expect. The extensive mouth of the fine river that parts the counties swelled before her, and deposited its overflow in the briny bosom of the deep. "Cross the rapid stream, my generous steed," said Edgar, "and save us a wider circuit. I go but to take a look at home, noble animal, and I return to glory by the dawn, if thou wilt be faithful—plunge then and haste. Storm, lengthen out thy terrors—spend thy fury during this one

night, and then shall mine honour be secure."

The most faithful of man's subjects was not insensible to the caresses of her master's friend. Edgar stroked down her soft and swelling throat, and leaned down to part her long ringlets from her bright eye, whilst the creature turned her head to listen to encouraging words, which de Clifford had taught her to love. Proudly she flung from the bank, broke the cloudy surface of the waters, and in a moment perceiving their depth, with wondrous faculty of Nature pressed back the rushing stream, to open a current forward. Panting, she gained the centre—Edgar clung to the protection. On a sudden a pitch black cloud passed above, and from it burst a long stream of forked lightning, and instantly afterwards a tremendous crash of thunder rolled from rock to rock, and bellowing at last, died in the hollow caverns. The steed, trembling at the shock, gave a sudden rush—the waves rolled on Edgar's head. Strong with hope of life, the youth rose

rose to the surface of the furious element, and, eager for safety, sprang from the sinking animal, and, stretching either arm, combated with the fluid. Half spent, he gained the opposite shore, and threw himself on the bank for breath.

And now he considered what resource he had—without the horse nothing could be further attempted. "I fear," thought he, "I have been rash. Surely 'twas a mad idea, to set forward such a night on such a journey—alas! I shall be detained; the fleet will sail without me, I shall be dishonoured;" he started up—when he perceived the generous animal standing by, tossing her wet mane. Delighted, Edgar called her—she advanced—and once more seated, he thought only of home. "I can but try," said he, "and if I find difficulties I may return, and in two hours be at the port."

Now he pressed on—evening crowded fast round the scared world. The youth paced a long craggy path till light was shut out—not a star appeared in the gloomy atmosphere—the glare of the lightning

alone shewed him at intervals a rugged and forlorn heath, a dismal wood, or a frightful declivity—presently the blazing stream rushes headlong down a tree, and in a moment presents one mass of fire. The sound of a horse's foot startled Edgar—he pressed his courser's flanks, and once more he trusted in security; but the sound of the hoof again urged him to speed, and he continued at random to advance.

The heavens at last opened in torrents of rain; thoroughly drenched the youth still continued, but laid the reins on the animal's neck, and trusted wholly to her sagacity. At last, from the barking of dogs, he guessed he had entered the high road, and that some habitation was near. Cheered by the thought, he slackened his pace, and with joy inexpressible soon spied a glimmering light—he advanced to it, and tapped on the casement where it stood. A door immediately opened, and an old man thus spoke: "who in this dreadful night that wishes for shelter, let him enter, and partake of our homely fare."—"Good father," replied Edgar, "my business is

so

so urgent that I may not stay; tell me only how far I am from Launceston?"—"From Launceston? oh, sir, at the least two leagues. Surely, sir knight," and the old man raised the taper, "you would not pursue the journey on such an evening as this?"—"Oh yes, good father, and I rejoice in the ground I have cleared. Am I in the direct road?"—"Straight forward, sir."—"Thanks, good friend, then all is well," exclaimed Edgar, and with renewed hope encouraged his steed to exertion. In one hour the paved ground shewed the town, and, impatient as was the youth to finish his journey, he yet stopped for a few moments, concealing his visage, to give the smoking steed a slight refreshment; and then hurrying on through the uneven track, his heart beat high with expectation and hope, as a small glimmering of light arose—day seemed now on the burst, and he fancied he recognized, far in the mist, the park walls of Restormal.

And now was every vein throbbing in its seat. "One look at my home—one word, and I am gone!"—He had not time for

salutation; he drew down his vizor—passed through Lestwythiel—advanced to the gate—saluted the centry—entered the court yard. He was about to rush to his parent's chamber—suddenly he stopped—" No, I will just see my father;"—then, speaking low, " I would see the Earl," said he to an attendant who knew him not; " how is he?"—" Well; sir knight," replied the man —" be pleased to enter his private chamber—this way—he is already risen." The youth trembled as he stepped on—he was admitted—the door was shut. The Earl, pale with conjecture, bent to welcome his guest. Edgar sprang and clasped his knees —" oh, my father, be not alarmed—'tis I, your son."—" My son! heaven sustain me; —is the fleet gone, and art thou here?" cried Mercia. " Nay, my father, the Prince and retinue wait at the port of Seton for weather; in the mean time I have made an effort to see my father—my mother—and I fly to return."—" Dear child of mine age," said the Earl, " what hope may I not form of thy future goodness, from thy duteous love! How are my Beauchamp

champ—my Prince—my friends? What said they to thee, when thou leftest them?" —"Nought, my father," answered Edgar slowly. "No!" cried the Earl; "I wonder my Beauchamp sent me not one command; but eagerness for fame in him is absolute—his friend, his family are dear, but dearer is glory. Generous child! and hast thou, my son, in this tempestuous night, braved all, to snatch one look at thy parents? Doubtless, my Prince, who is himself the noblest pattern of filial love, would respect thee, although he might think thee rash. Come, my son, we will seek thy mother; she has passed a sleepless night, for she heard the roaring winds, and thinking the fleet at sea, petitioned heaven for thy safety."

The bewildered lamb, with torn fleece, skirts the woods, and with panting struggles presses in the hollow of a huge tree, where tired and exhausted, it falls into a slumber; it dreams, that on the edge of a silver stream, it cropped by the side of its dam, the sweetest herbage, and breathed in all the odours of the loveliest flowers of creation;

creation: suddenly it starts; 'tis day—and with blood congealed as thick ice, round the heart, it perceives the sharp eye of the eagle aimed at its tender face, and the beak advancing to scoop forth the orb from its bed. Not less cold froze the blood of Edgar, as he burst from his trance. With a tender smile, the Earl stretched forth his hand to be conducted by his son, as he uttered again, "My best son."—"My father," said Edgar, "Oh, my father, stop; one moment stop; do you suppose that I made Beauchamp—my Prince—acquainted with mine absence?—Oh speak, my father."

The Earl tottered backwards. "Do I suppose thou wouldst leave an army on the point of march, or sail, without speaking to thy commander—to thy Prince? Without knowing whether thou mightest have time to save thy honour? Edgar, what meaneth thy question? What dost thou mean, I ask?" Edgar, horror-struck, and gasping, stood as a marble statue, but in a moment with despair, cried, "I am guilty! I asked no leave; I spoke not of my intention to my

my Prince, or to the Lord Beauchamp; no one—but one, I mean—knows of my absence: my father, crush me to earth, with your displeasure, for I am guilty!"

Oh, Virtue, Virtue! how grand art thou, when thou clothest thyself in the commanding majesty of truth. The heedless may fall, and the just may grasp temptation, but if thy power be still firm, the fallen shall rise to be more strong, and the just, like a swelling river that has swept over the country, and recovers its limits but to roll on in prouder and more even grandeur, shall return with nobler zeal for immortality and perfection!

With clasped hands the Earl sat; he raised his sightless orbs to heaven; "Disgraced!" murmured he, "and the son of Mercia! But thou art well served, Mercia! —By what right is man vain-glorious! and was not I?—and yet, Edgar, thou hast opened thy lip for truth—and so thou hast truth, even without honour. Prithee, good, my son—my son!—ha!—and have I a son?—and one who has deserted the standard of his country?—For what?—and for what, I ask!

ask!—Child, thinkest thou—Oh, my Edgar, in my lessons with thee, when with a father's love, I have endeavoured to train thy young mind, did I never make thee understand, that an act of virtue is no longer virtue than as it may be supported by the motive and principle? 'Tis pious to remember thy parents, but it is not so to kill them in thy disgrace. Oh, child! and who was so mad, sayest thou, as to know thy scheme, and not make one effort to save thee? Who knew of thy departure?" The ghastly cheek of Edgar flashed across. "Oh, sir! my respected father, if so I dare address you,—I cannot reveal his name. Sir, be not angry; I fear, my lord, your indignation against him, when he is innocent, and I alone deserve punishment."—"I respect thy generosity, Edgar," answered the Earl; "but let me tell thee, that he who would unreproving see thee plunge into dishonour, is not thy friend; beware of him, whoever he be."—"Oh, Heaven! what shall I . ."—"Edgar, for the first moment of my life, I could wish . ."—"Sir, oh, my lord!" exclaimed the youth, casting

casting himself on his knees, and seizing his parent's hands, " Oh, pronounce not any thing yet more dreadful than the displeasure, which rings in mine ear! My lord, pardon, but pardon, and embrace me —I will fly, for I may yet be saved; the wind, the elements, may yet befriend me." —" Fly then!" thundered the Earl, and started from his seat; " away! and take the fleetest steed I possess. Stay not a moment! my faithful attendant shall cut the air with thee; and bring me back peace or misery. Bend to the Prince; confess, even to a thought, thy rash deed, and remember that the noblest pleasure of a magnanimous soul, is to give ease to the breast that pleads forgiveness. Upon these conditions, thou art again my son, my beloved son.—Away!" The Earl, as he spoke, commanded the steed. " My revered father, I ask no more; but my mother . ." —" Fly, if thou wouldst save her."—" I hear—I hear—'tis my son," wildly exclaimed the Countess, from the inner chamber; " Where, oh, where is he? Why this concealment?"—" May I, my father?" cried Edgar,

Edgar. "Not a word," commanded the Earl; "Edgar, I insist — this moment away!"

The youth burst from his father's presence as he caught sight of his mother's robe, at the opposite door. Wildly he pressed the fiery steed, and swift as the meteor's passage, fled; for the Earl's voice, so loud, so full of terror, rang in his ear; whilst his mother's plaintive words cut his heart. Bathed in foam, the animal tore through the streets of Launceston. From a cottage issued a figure enveloped in a mantle, which mounting a steed, scoured after Edgar, who pursued his track regardless of all.

The sun rose in cloudless splendour.—Atheling's heart again sank. He drew near the river in which he had nearly suffered; he passed its bridge. At a distance, he caught sight of the ocean. "Oh, storm! hadst thou but continued," said he, "Oh, my heart, break thou down, my bosom, if the fleet have sailed, for my father's displeasure I cannot bear. The port; now my fate. I see!—I see a sail—surely two—hail!

—hail! hail! oh, hope! joy! honour! life! glory!—the fleet! I see the fleet!"—"The fleet!" echo the horsemen behind; the voice of one is that of his father's man; that of the other is de Clifford. "My friend!—but I may not wait.—Good sir," and he accosted a man, "is the Prince still in town?"—"The Prince is gone, sir," replied he, "it is half an hour since."—"A boat! sailors, a boat!—gain the fleet, and this purse is your's! De Clifford, quick!" They rush to the bark, the Earl's attendant accompanying them. Edgar, skilled in the management of the oar, siezed two, and with all his strength laboured. The fleet had cleared the bay, and was spreading her sails. Panting with hope and fear, the two friends with the seamen cut the waves. They gain upon the fleet—they are seen—a signal is hoisted in the last vessel—she slackens the speed. "Generous, generous captain!" exclaimed Edgar. The ship is near; a ladder of ropes is thrown down her side. Edgar rushes forward—he stops. "Ascend, de Clifford; let me see thee in safety."—"No,

Edgar,

Edgar, do thou."—"I stir not, till thou have passed," replied the other. His friend then grasped the hempen steps, and rushed up to the deck: the son of Mercia followed, gained the height, fell on his knee: "God be praised! my parents are saved!" He started up, let fall into the boat the purse of gold, blessed the attendant who was to return with the joyful news, and then, trembling with anxiety, fear, exertion, and joy, tottered pale and speechless to a bench, on which he sank; whilst his head fell on his breast. Thus the young cygnet, when its parent screams to danger, beats alarmed the flood to join her, and dispels her fears,—then, tired itself, and panting, it spreads the snowy wing, and for a moment droops.

De Clifford hastened to order a goblet of generous wine, and some bread. "He sinks but for want of food," said he. Edgar presently revived; and as the naval commander respectfully urged him to descend into the vessel and take repose, the young warriors obeyed.

"De

"De Clifford," said Edgar, "my senses are scarce awakened to reason, but methinks thou art the same horseman that pursued me from Launceston: how camest thou to loiter behind the fleet? Surely thy generosity—but tell me."

"Edgar," answered his friend, "I have to crave thy pardon; I might have produced thy ruin through my rashness—but I will tell thee all.

"Yesterday, hearing thy wish, I only desired to make thee happy; I opposed not the plan, wild as it was; I thought not of consequences; but not two hours hadst thou quitted me, when the Earl of Warwick met and inquired for thee. I hesitated, and he insisting, in confidence I told him. "The fleet will sail then; and the son of Mercia is disgraced," said he, turning abruptly from me. I stood motionless. Disgraced! repeated I, my friend disgraced! and through me! then will I share his dishonour and his danger. In a moment was I on my second steed. I fled forward; and inquired of a peasant who had seen thee madly plunge into the river—I also plunged

—I

—I crossed in safety. I continued to press the animal; I heard thee; I called to thee; furiously I pursued, mad as the baited bull, that thou shouldst not know my voice; to Launceston I traced thee; the animal was spent, I could go no farther, and here I was resolved to wait thy return. Shelter for myself and my steed, I gained, and I darted upon every horseman to watch if it might be thou; at last I saw thee, and I followed, resolved that thy fate should be mine."

"Kind and generous de Clifford!" exclaimed Edgar. "Nay, cease," interrupted the other, "I deserve thy blame; I being so much thine elder, should have given thee better counsel; but my soul, oh Edgar! is made of fire; mine is an impetuous breast.—What?—I guess that thy father was high in his just indignation against me?" —"De Clifford," said Atheling, "I should stand mine own aversion, if I could exculpate myself at the expense of another, and that other, my friend;—no, de Clifford; I named thee not—inadvertently, I said,

one

one knew of my flight, but I disclosed no more."

Again the friends embraced, the heart of each beating high with pride in the other. —So two noble pines, the glory, the ornament of the proud mountains of Cambria, rear their green heads together. The winds, envious of their sweet intimacy, bellow amongst the leaves, whirl through their branches, and shower around their young roots, the threatening hailstones: the one leans on the other, determined to live by the same shelter, or to fall by the same blow. The storm, growling, retires; and the lovely friends, revived by the soft dews, burst forth the next dawn, to fuller joy, grandeur, beauty, and strength. Thus beamed delighted the young ornaments among great England's chieftains.

Breezes favoured the navy; and the lovely island of Britain drew round her chaste bosom a dewy veil, that soon hid her from the tender gaze of Edgar. Involuntarily he stretched out his arms, "Oh, my country! if it be my lot to hang once again over thy sweet prospects, and to kiss the

the skirt of thy soil, may I see in thee only increase of power, beauty, and happiness! and may time, which rocks every other foundation, respect thy throne, and thy footstool!"

The proud fleet rolled forward and plunged into the depths of Biscay. The dark green billows now playful, wrestled with the oak, and then inconstant, rose against and struck him with their surge. The monarch of the forest calmly bestrode the element, alike careless of the frown or smile of the most fickle of allies. But Edgar loved to mark the changes of its character: "Ocean," said he, "I acknowledge thy power, thy dominion is immense; thy subjects are innumerable; thy regions extend downward to the very heart of earth; and as the one principle of life is motion, and thou art never at rest, perhaps thou mayest turn some secret spring that winds up nature, when she begins to slacken in her beat: whatever by thy secret powers, thou canst unfold or command, an authority which we do not care to provoke —yet, sovereign as thou art, remember the

Omnipotent

Omnipotent measured thee in the hollow of his hand, and set bounds for thee, which thou darest not pass. With one breath He can dry thee, as the single drop that falls hissing on the red bar of iron, which leaves but the faint trace of where it once was. Venerable as thou art in thine antiquity; thou who hast watched the features of the great Patriarch, as he conducted his children through thy secret paths, who hast made acquaintance with the monarch of pyramidal Egypt, and the citizen of commercial Tyre; who hast borne a fugitive queen to establish a new kingdom, and monarchs to overthrow the old; who hast been defied by the haughty Republic, and chained by the Eastern despot: thou, who hast witnessed the overthrow of kingdoms, empires, religions, states, countries; thou hast preserved thy originality, excepting in one, in one single instance. Uncurl thy daring wave when the great name of the Redeemer of mankind is pronounced—thou didst feel the pressure of his sacred foot, and trembling, thy drops curdled with reverence and awe, thy slippery par-

ticles knit together, and with the divine influence, wrapping thee in astonishment, thy surface strove for the touch, clung together, and became stone! Remember, venerable as thou art, that thou shalt not survive the last man; thou art coeval with him, but when earth is no longer, man shall be immortal, but thou shalt have ceased to be. Restrain then, thy vast pride, nor think because thy power be great, that thou art superior to beings designed for eternity, and protected by heaven."

The vessels doubled the point at the entrance of the river, and sailing forward, soon cast anchor opposite the good city of Bourdeaux, whose inhabitants made the shores resound with acclamations when they learned that their great Prince, and his generous train, were arrived. The Bishop,* the clergy, and the whole population, rushed to pay their duty, and Edward stepped ashore amidst thunders of delight, and hastening to the palace of King John of England,[53] commanded the gates to be thrown

* Collins's Life of the Black Prince.

thrown open, that every one might have free access to his person.

The heart of Edgar palpitated with doubt and fear, as he observed his Prince in the boat, with the Lord High Admiral at the helm, drawing near to shore. "I too," thought he, "might have been seated in the boat with my Prince, and have been among the foremost in wielding the oar, had I not been indiscreet; but I will endeavour to regain the confidence of the two beings I most respect in the world, after my father." Eagerly he followed, that he might first see the royal duke, and have an opportunity of exculpating his friend. He passed through the streets, rushed by the church of St. Simeon, crossed the court, and seeking only the Prince, flung himself on his knee before him.

"My Prince," exclaimed he, "graciously hear me; in a mad fit of indiscretion, I by stealth quitted my post, regardless of my honour, my friends, my family. Not content with seeking my own ruin, I involved a noble warriour and a friend. My Prince, I am guilty; I merit to be dis-

graced. If the great Edward consults but justice, he will do violence to his generous breast and condemn me; but if he acts from his own magnanimous soul, he will pardon both for the errors of one, and will swell two hearts with never ending gratitude." De Clifford rushed forward.—" My Lord, I am the guilty one; hear me; on me let your anger fall. I advised; I listened; I urged, I persuaded him that he would have time to go to his castle and return before the dawn. On me, my Lord, on me;"—and he presented his sword to pledge his disgrace. " How darest thou, mad....." exclaimed Edgar, with indignation and surprise.

The assembly murmured its admiration. The Prince, touched at the generosity, remained a few moments silent. At length, with graceful majesty, he stretched forth his hand to each friend. " Go, both of you," said he, " be happy in your fidelity. You have my pardon and my esteem, in token whereof is my hand. The favour of my God hath taught me mercy; the precepts of my great father, forbearance; and my

my own passions make me sensible that I am but a man. Rise, my lords, and resume your station in my court."

Ten thousand ravens are concealed amid huge rocks vaulted by the hand of Time. Upon a signal, the whole band flutters the pinion, and by degrees swells into one vast sound. So burst the admiration and extasy of the numbers that exalted the name of the mighty Prince of Wales. De Clifford, impetuous and ardent, thundered forth his delight in the noble act: Edgar, touched to the heart, kissed the extended hand and retired.

BOOK VII.

THE ACTION.

Soft Patience! lend thy prophetic mirrour, and let us pass in review some of the miseries of humanity, which thou wast benevolently formed to assuage; whilst thou shalt preserve thy melting air, with an eye raised to heaven, and half dimmed by one tear, thy lip slightly distended by the smile of suffering angels, thy head leaning back on the bosom of Hope, as one hand is pressed to thy heart, the other spread to Religion, who standeth near, and on her sacred tablet marks every pang as it sighs in the fold of thy garment. First, I see the beloved child of his parents, seizing the thread of their days, and clipping inches every day from the roll. Oh, Nature, where art thou?—Art thou transfixed in a statue of marble? I see disease flitting before me, of limbs, of vitals, of faculties—let us weep, for they are supportable. But now — what? — I behold a tender and exquisite soul, which feeling every soft affection,

affection, looks smiling round the world for a kindred breast in which to pour forth every hope of life, every little joy, every empassioned tenderness of friendship. 'Tis done: life, fortune, hope, every sentiment, every passion, every delight that clings round human existence, is gradually poured out. What is the return? Treachery and ingra.....Stop thou, my tongue; my heart sickens; light is dimmed. Patience! I know thee not—thou hast fled!—

The following day, the Duke of Aquitain marshalled his army into three divisions. The advance was given to his faithful Warwick; and under him was joined, de Clifford and Edgar. The second,* the Duke himself led, with the attendant knights, bannerets, and nobles. The third, he gave to the Lords Suffolk and Salisbury. All the retinue of the barons and men at arms, marched under their chiefs; their banner, that of St. George; their Prince, the noble and invincible Edward. Every breast fluttered with impatience and ardour to en-

* Collins's Life of the Black Prince.

gage with the enemy of the state. The word was given, the little faithful army was in motion; and as the curling flames insinuate through the embrowned furze, and at length lay it prostrate, so was the progress of Edward through the hostile provinces of southern France: bending the pride of his foes, and obliging them to yield to the strength of his arm. But winter advanced; hostilities ceased: and Bourdeaux was again cheered by the grandeur of a brilliant court, the generosity of her English nobles, and the princely virtues and majesty of her British royal master.

The young warriours that had blazed in the campaigns and returned home laden with honour and spoil,[54] hastened to secure their trophies to their own families, and to transmit the long list of captures and feats to their beloved homes. Edgar too, was not without honours for Restormal walls. In the generosity of his heart, he extolled every action but his own, and magnified every chieftain, ever forgetting his own prowess, and neglecting to name the blessings of an aged captive upon his tender-

ness,

ness, or the thanks of a weeping mother for the preservation of her child. These were Edgar's trophies—others he had but few. To chastise the insolent, and to raise the fallen, was his aim—he sought the approbation of his heart, and all was well.

Summer rose upon the inhabitants of Bourdeaux, when twice four * thousand men and nobles again sallied forth, and took a northerly direction. Edgar and de Clifford who had hitherto fought in the midst of heroes, panted to distinguish themselves by a brilliant deed. De Clifford bent to his Prince. "Oh, my lord, permit me with a chosen few to scour in front of the army. The town and castle we next assault in our march are strongly fortified—we would crave the honour, with a small band, to give it first proof of English ardour." "Be it so, my lord," replied Edward, "but remember that courage without prudence defeateth her own purpose."

Edgar, the proud Edgar, mounted by

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* Collins's Life of the Black Prince.

the side of his friend, and with a little band of men now rapidly advanced; and the town and battlements of Romorantin,* soon peeped from the mist before them. The party rushed forward to the very walls—suddenly a number of horsemen burst from their ambuscades. "The moment is arrived," thundered Edgar; "the enemy is here, and twice our strength; glory, rest thou on the banner of St. George; archers, remember; comrades, remember the country you fight for." De Clifford rallied his men with words of thunder.

The enemy rushed fiercely onward.† "Open the ranks, and break the shock," cried Atheling, "now face about and charge." Man drives to man; carnage sits on the pointed bow, and exasperating the wounded, hurries them to destruction. Edgar animating his men with eager eye, seeks the noblest foe. Quick the hostile chief perceived his aim. With fury he spurred his steed. Edgar delighted met him.

* Collins's Life of the Black Prince. † Ibid.

him. Then thus the Lord Craon: "methinks thou art of royal descent, by the bearings on thy shield; thou art seeking the weight of my arm; I would have spared thy youth, but now will I punish thy audacity." "I rejoice that thou art prepared to defend thyself," retorted Edgar, "stripling as I am, I have learned to respect the unguarded." Hereupon the combatants drove furiously at each other, their spears shivered to atoms against the polished steel—they drew — Edgar made a thrust with his sword and missed, but his antagonist's steed received the blow and dropped. The Lord Craon shook off the dust, disengaged himself, and would have resumed the combat. "Nay, Sir," cried Atheling, "I too will dismount; fortune would give me too great advantage." Now began again the engagement, whilst the conquering Britons panting, waited the issue. Craon, tired of the delay, made a pass at Edgar. The young hero bent his body, and evading the blow, rushed to his adversary who was disordered by the effort, and plunging the

blade in his side, threw him from his balance. He fell. The French noble struggled to draw his opponent after him, and saw with joy that his weapon had drawn a red stream from the young chieftain's arm. But Edgar perceived the second aim, and by a rapid movement, wrested his sword from his hand, and stepping on, planted over his breast one knee. "My lord, your life is mine: rise, Sir, and yield.—Permit me to embrace so valiant a chief." The Lord Craon, slowly recovering himself, bent to Edgar, and with downcast look, accepted the proffered hand. "Generous knight," said he, "tell me thy name, that I may teach my sons to respect it." "I am," replied Atheling, with modesty, "a relict of the house of St. Edward, whose line long swayed the English sceptre. My name is Edgar Atheling." "Courageous young prince," said the other, "hadst thou not even grandeur of birth, thou wouldst be the noblest of heroes.—I yield; receive my sword." Edgar bowed low to touch the proffered steel, and taking off his gauntlet instantly, and with sweetness,

sweetness, presented the blade again to him.

The main army with the English marshals hastily advanced to the rencounter, and de Clifford drove up to the Earls, to acquaint them with the particulars of Lord Craon's defeat. Beauchamp stretched forth his hand to his young and modest friend. "Edgar," said he, "this will sound well at home; 'twas bravely done, Edgar." "Oh, my lord," replied Atheling, as he grasped the hand, "one word of approbation from you, fires my soul with transport. In you, I hear the voice of a father, a prince, and a friend!"

The advanced force pressed to the assault of the city of Romorantin, and quickly mastered the town. The castle remained to be conquered; the herald gave a blast for a parley; the governor appeared. Thus spake the great Lord Chandos: "Sirs, if ye will yield, our noble Prince, who is renowned for every virtue, will act by you with generosity, and moreover grant you every

* Collins's Life of the Black Prince.

every honour, provided you deliver up the fortress to his arms."—"That may be, sir knight," answered the other, "but we choose to defend ourselves as men."—"Be it so," cried the Duke of Aquitain, who just arrived; "we will give them play." Whereupon he laid the plan, and commanded the assault.

The archers took the lead, and fired by the voice of Edward, which repeatedly encouraged them from the spot where danger stood fiercest, shot hastily and rapidly at the defences.* Atheling, with his followers on planks, cast themselves into the deep stream round the walls, and amid showers of darts and stones, gained the opposite side. He seizes a sharp tool: "Now, my friends, to work: Strike the walls; pierce the enclosure; open the breach; honour shall be ours." With a shout the brave rush to work. Stones, lime, sand, rocks, fall dreadful from the heights. Yet is the work pursued. Some few sink to primitive dust, the living observe, and are but more desperate.

Night

* Collins's Life of the Black Prince.

Night casts her trembling shades. By the torch light the hero directs his men. The cement gives way—" Joy!" cried Edgar, " the place is ours." By the glimpse of morn a small opening is made. " Now, my brave, give me a banner of England," exclaimed Atheling. Onward pressed the youth and two or three followers across the narrow defile. A small passage met his step enclosed between two walls.[55] He advanced sword in hand, daring and silent, through impenetrable darkness. Fearful of events, the little band held close their arms least the clashing might betray. The air of heaven blows keen—they cross a paved court—a small ray of light flashes on one side. Two centinels pace up and down. The Britons rush upon them and present the sword. " Stop," said Edgar, " bind up the mouth and hands, let us not slay except for necessity." A stone flight of steps appeared. Edgar hastens to mount; he gains the height. The alarm is given; he rushes on the enemy; scatters them on every side; hails his men; bellows to the army below, who

who plunge forward to join him; tears down the ensign of France, and himself plants on high, the standard of England.

Now whole hosts rush from below, and drive with desperate fury against him. Strong he leaned his back against the sacred colours of his land, parries the blows, and wields his blade to attack—with the trusty weapon he had already stretched six foes upon the ground, when an exasperated number crowded desperate on, resolved to crush him by united force. Edgar, the noble Edgar, wounded and spent, dealt feeble and more feeble blows; his arm, stiff with exertion, could scarcely rise from its body, when lo! the sound of a roaring bull made the astonished enemy turn. De Clifford, the furious de Clifford, had from his station below, where he had been engaged, seen Edgar fixing the standard. Shuddering for his friend, and knowing not of the breach, he had boldly plunged into the stream, scaled the walls, torn down every opposition, gained the citadel, and wild in boiling rage, now stamped on the ground to draw the danger round himself;

self; with one arm he poised the massy shield, with his lance in the other he scattered the appalled foe around him. Quickly is Edgar released, and now fresh forces of England mount the breach and join the heroes. The enemy throws down the weapon, and craves mercy.

The Prince of Wales at the head of his valiant army entered the citadel—he advanced to Edgar and embraced him. "Noble young chief," said he, "the honours you have this day won, shall rank you high among England's favourites and in Edward's esteem. De Clifford too is worthy your affection and my regard. Accept both of you the gauntlet of your Prince, as a pledge of your merit, and his future acknowledgment."

Edgar covered with blushes and glory bowed to the ground. Thus the beauteous queen of flowers lifts her damask head in the hope of fame, and bursting forth, excites the wonder of all around her. The monarch of the honied realm, hovering in the air, perceives delighted the glorious display, and with ardour rushes to offer her bright

bright homage. The lovely candidate, touched, honoured, distinguished, leans in supreme joy her head downward and palpitates to a deeper glow. So bent the rosy cheek of Edgar.

Three days of rest invigorated the hearts of the brave army, and restored the strength and spirit of the young Atheling. Again the Duke of Aquitain set forward on his march bearing down all that opposed him. In fifteen days he commanded his messengers to disclose their intelligence, and his captains to prepare for encampment on the fields of Maupertuis. "What say you," cried he, "that John of France is entering Poictiers hard by, with an army of fifty thousand * horse and fifty† thousand foot?" "Well then," continued Edward, turning to his marshals, "in the name of God, let us consider how we may fight them at our best advantage; for against numbers, policy is requisite."

Atheling in the advance guard, had pitched his tent and spread his mantle for rest. Big with fancies and ardour in the approaching

* Collins's Life of the Black Prince. † Hollingshed, p. 309.

approaching battle, he felt not disposed for sleep, and raising the folds of the curtain looked upon the beams of the silver moon. For some time he gazed, and then stepped onward to listen to the plaintive bird, that warbled in elegy to the shades of foes to be slain. She was hidden among the thick vine fences, that skirted the plains of Maupertuis. Edgar listened and sighed. "Pity is it, sweet bird," said he, "but, if insatiable monarchs will usurp a country's right, let them answer for the blood of the patriot who resists the oppression." As he spoke, he heard a faint sound, softly he crept under the vines towards it—passed the centinels, and slid down the winding lane. The noise grew nearer—he grasped his sword—an animal made a leap at him—he looked down, and by the moonlight perceived a warrior lying without helmet, and to appearance asleep. Edgar stooped low. The costume of the under vest was not that of England. "A foe—and unarmed," said he softly, and he sheathed the sword. Gently he touched the prostrate man—he suddenly started, and stretched out his hand

hand for his helmet, but exhausted he again fell. Atheling spoke. "Chieftain, I see you belong to the enemy—your person is sacred with me, for you are defenceless, and perhaps wounded. Can I assist you? —speak!" "Generous Briton," replied the other, "I am the Lord Chauvigny,* and a marshal of France, I was hotly pursued this morn by a party of English, and was wounded—with difficulty I escaped; my horse fell under me—I hastened forward on foot, and in yon thicket concealed myself till night; when spent and parched with drought, I stretched myself here, having braced up the jaws of this my faithful dog, least his howl should betray me. But, generous knight, I yield to you, and noble shall be my ransom."[56] "Nay, my lord, that shall not be," replied Edgar; "but I will assist you. Never shall Edgar Atheling take advantage of a distressed foe. And now, my lord, let me help you to rise, perchance you may walk to my tent hard by." With grateful thanks the stranger strove to rise, and grasping the proffered

* Collins's Life of the Black Prince.

proffered arm slowly moved to the tent. Edgar soon placed him on his mantle, lifted the pitcher of sparkling water, and held it to the devouring lip. He then presented some bread and fruit, with wishes for a better supply. After which he bathed the deep wound on the thigh, and assisting the stranger to clasp his helmet and breast-plate; again raised him, and bringing out his own steed from the side of his tent; "now, my lord, exert yourself to mount, touch with the spur, and the generous beast will soon convey you to a place of security;—and if by to-morrow your spirit revive to battle, we will meet and together try our prowess." Thus saying, Edgar lifted his enemy, who grateful pressed his hand, and with difficulty mounting was presently out of reach, and followed by his faithful hound. The young hero once more threw himself upon the ground—his magnanimous breast glowing in every delight of virtue. "Oh, my God!" said he aloud, in the tenderness of his soul; "wherefore is it that we do not oftener practice lessons of goodness, when

when deeds of goodness alone can raise to the enjoyment of such bliss. To be monarch of empires, I would not now exchange the blessing of a conscience, a conscience that tells me I have done my duty. Oh! may it ever be so! may I ever dread to offend this awful monitor!"

The angel of sleep now laid his finger upon the lids of Edgar, and joining them, called to the guardian spirits of innocent youth to assemble round their charge. The lovely multitude came fluttering from the moon beams, where they respectful stood, waiting the call of their supreme. Arrayed in shades of silvery white as the emblem of purity, they were the happy souls of human blossoms, not yet partaking the highest bliss of heaven, but in celestial harmony performing the will of the Creator. Of the soft band, some took their airy station round his head, and scattered away every malignant shade; some blew away the curling lock from the temple to give the artery sweeter play, whilst others fanned away from the nostril and lip the dewy vapour which stole from the humid ground

ground on which their charge reposed. Some by the friction of a zephyr, as it grazes the fragrant jessamine, soothed his limb, and assisted the flood of life in its course. Some opened the current of air to replenish existence, and collected, amassed, and trampled on the hot particles which nature had dismantled of their excellence for her own use; whilst the remaining number hovered around, and by their sweet influence, filled the heart of the honoured mortal with serenity and peace.

But ere the dawn opened, they resigned their charge to the guardian of day. Edgar felt their departure, and instantly rose.

The enemy was in motion, and advanced with King John, his sons Charles, John, Lewis, Philip, and all the nobles of France. John of France, mounted on a large white courser, quickly spied the English camp, and suddenly commanding a halt, with a loud voice, thus harangued his immense multitudes:

"Sirs, when * you are at Paris, Chartres, or

* Collins's Life of the Black Prince. Froissart.

or elsewhere, then you terribly threaten these Britons, and wish nothing more than to be in arms against them. Now shall your desire be granted; I will lead you where you shall surely find them; let me now, therefore, see the effects of that ill-will you bear them, and how well you can revenge all the displeasures and damages which they have done you, for without doubt, we shall not part without blows." Quickly, the numbers that could hear, replied, "Sir, in God's name be it so: we desire nothing else, and would gladly see our enemies."—"'Tis well," cried John; "but what says my Lord Eustace, how looks the English army?" Then the knight replied, "Sir, we have viewed the Englishmen, and by our estimation, they are not above two thousand men of arms, four thousand archers, and one thousand five hundred others; howbeit, they are encamped in a strong place; and, as far as I may guess, they make up but one battail; but yet are they very wisely ordered, and along by the way have they strongly fortified the hedges and bushes; a party of their

their archers lining the hedges, so that no one can go or ride that way, but he must lie open to their aim on the flank; and yet that way must we go, if we would attack them. Into this lane there is but one passage, whereat, as we judge, about four horsemen may ride abreast; and at the end of this hedged lane, where no man may pass on foot or horseback, stands a square battail of men of arms, all on foot, the archers before them in the manner of an herse, so that easily they cannot be discomfited." *

King John listened; and as his knight ceased, said, "And what then do you advise as best for us to do?" The Lord Eustace declared his opinion, and again the vast army prepared for the assault.

But on a sudden, the French King was stopped; one of the high ministers of religion fell before him and craved a hearing. "Sir," cried he,* "you have here all the flower of your realm against a handful of Englishmen, if we compare their number

* Collins.

to yours; and surely if you can get them to yield to your offers, it will be more profitable by far, and nothing less honourable to conquer them so cheaply than to hazard so flourishing an army as is here present. Wherefore, Sir, most humbly and in the name of God, I require you, that you grant me time, before you go forward, to ride yonder to the Prince, and shew him at what disadvantage you have him." — "I am content that you do so," replied the King, "on condition you make a quick return."

Immediately the legate mounted his steed and gallopped to the Prince of Wales, who stood in the midst of his warriours, armed at all points but his helmet. Edward received the high messenger with courtesy, and listened with gracious attention to his words, to which he made answer, "Father, the honour of me and my country saved, I would willingly admit of any reasonable condition."—"Sir, you say well," answered the legate, "it would be a pity if so many noble and gallant spirits as are now in the field, should be suffered to join

join in battle." Full of hope, the legate returned to King John. "Sir," said he, "the Prince is not disinclined to peace—he is generous and would spare his people's blood; but the conditions must be noble."

Insolent in his strength and proud, the French King stood elate, and forgot the turns of fortune. "Tell the son of the King of England," cried he, "that he and a hundred of his knights shall yield themselves prisoners of war; otherwise I will use the vast power I have over them to their utter destruction."

The ignominious words were laid before the most valiant and noble of princes. A smile rose on his majestic features—he paused for a moment with indignation, and then calmly said:

"Father, my hope is to conquer; but if not, I can die; but never shall the honour of Edward be impeached,* honour that he values far beyond life. As for the conditions, let them be ever so secure and advantageous, should they cast but a

* Collins.

breath of disgrace on mine own honour, my father's, or that of the English nation, I would reject them, utterly reject them, as infamous and worse than ten thousand deaths." Upon this, the legate rode away, and presently returned, and addressing the Black Prince, said, "Sir, look to yourself as well as you may, for there is nothing to be expected but battle; I can find no sign of a tractable mind in the French King." The Prince to this replied, "It is the resolution of us, and of all our people, to abide him; and God defend the right." Then the legate cried, "Amen!"—blessed the noble Edward, and rode away.

The Prince of Wales instantly mounted his steed, and rode through every rank of his brave army; then he moved to the centre, and with the fire of his exalted mind thus addressed his beloved people:—

"My valiant friends, listen to the son of your King—of that King whose heart beats to every turn of our fortune. What, though we be an inconsiderable company in respect of our enemies, yet let us not for that be abased; since victory consisteth not in the multitude

multitude of people, but in the hands of God Almighty, to bestow it after his good pleasure. If it please him that the day be ours, we shall be the most honoured and renowned people in the world; and if the worst happen, that we die in our just quarrel, it is but paying a debt we all owe to Nature something sooner, but much more honourably. And I have the King my father, and brethren, and you have also valiant friends, relations, and countrymen, left behind; these will sufficiently revenge our blood: wherefore, Sirs, for God's sake, I require you all to be of good courage, and to do your devoirs heartily; for, if it please God, you shall see me this day to perform the part of a good knight, and to play the man; for surely England * shall never pay for my ransom—I will either die or conquer!"

The shouts that burst around this heroic Prince for a while stopped his words; repeatedly he bowed, as a smile of grandeur, modest confidence, hope, and patriotism,

 beamed

* Collins.

beamed on his countenance; but, at length, there was a pause, and he continued.

"I have, indeed, my friends, had strong experience of your several courages and conduct in many imminent hazards of war; and I have glory in acknowledging you, O Gentlemen of England, in nothing to have degenerated from the noblest of your ancestors: and you, our dear friends of Gascoigne, to be as worthily descended from those your valiant and loyal fathers, who have heretofore truly and gallantly served the King my father, and his predecessors, in that his ancient dukedom. I see the marks of generous indignation in your visage; I see how highly you resent the affront, that a King of France dares to despise that valour to which, as yet, no labour ever seemed painful, no army invincible, no hill inaccessible, no tower impregnable, no human power formidable.* I see in your faces, my Lords and Gentlemen, the perfect resemblance of those undaunted fathers whose courage hath frequently foiled these

* Collins.

these haughty Frenchmen; hath won the isle of Cyprus; hath tamed the Syracusians, Calabrians, Saracens, Palestinians; and hath taught Scotland to receive our yoke, and Ireland to grow mild and friendly, and Wales to accept of our laws. Wherefore, follow your standards with resolution, and obey your chief leaders both with mind and body; that if victory come with life, we may still continue in firm and mutual friendship; but if envious fortune, which Heaven forbid! should allot that this day we run the race of all flesh, and that we end to-day both life and labour, assure yourselves that our names shall be preserved to everlasting renown." Thus spoke the great Duke of Aquitain, and then ordered his array. On one side the Earl of Warwick, and the nobles and men at arms; beyond him the Earls of Salisbury and Suffolk, and at the head of the main body the Prince himself.

Now the innumerable shoals of French begin their archery; which is hotly returned upon them by the men of England. Arrows whirled in the air as the dust, which

is poised for a moment in the hurricane's top, and then clouds as it precipitates. The horse of the enemy, assailed from every point, fall back over their lords, and open the confusion. A few English men at arms dash forward, and broach close carnage.

Meantime, in front of the battail, with his four esquires, fought the Lord James Audley. Opposition sank at his approach, and even the most valiant of the foe startled, and stopped to give wonder breath. But now the Earls of Warwick, Salisbury, and Suffolk, tear down another quarter, with sword, spear, and battle axe; and the enemy's second battail, in dismay, falls back upon their commander, the Duke of Normandy. Hotter than ever waxed the strife, thick fly the arrows from every side, whilst proud England's banner waved high over the enemy's ground.

"Now is the moment!" thundered the Lord Chandos to his Prince, from whose side he had never moved. "Now, my Lord,* the enemy's van is wholly discomfitted,

* Collins.

fitted, the main body begins to break!—Now take your horse and ride forth upon the French; the day is your's; God is now on your hand. Let us march directly to the French King's battail, for there is all the stress of the matter: I verily believe his high courage will not suffer him to flinch, so that I doubt not we shall win him, provided he be well fought with."

The Prince mounted his steed, commanded his followers to do the like, and said aloud—"Let us go forth. You shall not see me this day to forget mine honour. Advance, Banner, in the name of God and St. George!" As the Prince commanded, the standard-bearer moved on, and the men, with a shout of triumph, closed round their illustrious captain.

The battle roars fiercely over the glutted ground, and howls forth its fury to the skies. Big clots of gore rise in congealed pyramids, whilst mangled limbs dance in the air, and light on the couching shield of the living; quick are they thrown off again, whilst the whizzing arrow flies for

fresh blood, the spear points for other sinews, the axe hurls for other marrow.

Charles flies. "Sir," cried the enemy to King John, "the Dauphin[57] is fled; the English hold the field."—"Nay," replied John, "not whilst I live. Advance, my friends, the day may yet be ours."

Two fresh bodies of armed men now moved with quick pace towards the Prince of Wales. "Courage, friends," cried Beauchamp, "these few conquered, and the victory is ours. Look to yon point, my Lord of Oxford; Lord Atheling, see thou to the royal standard of France; my Prince and we will see to these." Again began the raging battle. The English quiver long exhausted, the bodies thick scattered around the brave conquerors supplied weapons that dripped in the blood of the slain; onward they were hurled into the breasts of the nobles of France, and as fast they levelled the humbler enemy. Atheling bearing down all in his way, rushed to the standard-bearer, tore it from the staff and transfixed the bearer. Now all is desperation. "Sir, yield

yield* your person," said Sir Dennis of Morbeque to the French King.—"To whom shall I yield? And where is my cousin the Prince of Wales? If I might see him I would speak with him."—"Yield to me, Sir," cried the brave Sir John de Pelham, taking his belt;[58] "And to me, Sir," cried Sir Roger de la Warr, receiving his sword. Others contended for the honour; wherefore John said, "Pray you, Sirs, contend not thus about me, but conduct me and my son Philip to my cousin the Prince; and concern not yourselves who it was that took me, for I am so great a lord as to be able to enrich you all who make any such pretence."

All was over—the day closed—and Victory wreathed for England's brow a laurel for immortal wear. The Prince of Wales ordered a retreat to be sounded, and planted the standard high on a bush, and then, hearing of the approach of the royal captives, prepared to meet them.

But now shone forth in all its matchless grandeur, the virtue of this heroic Prince.

* Collins.

With the noblest respect he received from the hands of the Lords of Cobham and Warwick the captive king, assured him of treatment according to his high dignity, and gave him comfort with like examples in war. He commanded spices and refreshment, and himself attended upon him with profound humility. And soon, when a magnificent treat was prepared in his own pavilion, he obliged the King to take his own chair of state at the upper end, refusing to be seated himself, and waiting during the whole repast. By the most respectful carriage he sought to cheer the royal captive; but when he discovered that his noble efforts succeeded not, he thus addressed him:

"Sir, there is no cause that you who are the most brave and valiant among christian kings, should continue thus pensive and troubled: although at this time your arms have not been favoured by him, in whose dispose all battles are. For still your generosity is acknowledged, your dignity preserved, and your majesty held sacred, and whatsoever else was truly your's

your's remaineth still entire, neither to be violated, nor impaired by time or any other force. God Almighty hath ordained, that as all other things, so the fortune of war should remain in His hands alone. Your progenitors have achieved many glorious enterprizes, as well by sea as land: the whole compass of Europe, all the east, all realms and countries, both far and near, are filled with the trophies and victories of France.

" Perhaps, among so many and innumerable as have been your triumphs, one or two battles have succeeded a little otherwise than you would: the usual instability of fortune would have it so, which sometimes baffles the force of multitudes, and conquers the opposition of men, horse, and armour. But it lies in the power of your own magnanimity to harden your soul against adversity, and to keep your mind still unconquered.

" Nor shall this day detract any thing from you or your's; for as for my part, I promise you, that this realm of France in which

which we are, and which hath produced and nourished many of my progenitors, shall find me grateful to her, and mindful of my original; and towards your majesty (if you will permit me to glory in that title) a most humble and respectful kinsman.

"There are many reasons to preserve love and friendship betwixt you and my father, which I hope will be not a little prevalent: for I well know the most intimate thoughts and affections of his mind; and that you will easily come to a reasonable agreement with him. And, as for me, may he then refuse to own me for his son, when I cease to hold you in the same degree of reverence, honour, and respect, which I owe unto his own person."*

At this unparalleled grandeur of soul in so young a prince, and a conqueror, the French lords gazed upon each other with admiration; they whispered loud enough for hearing, "nobly in truth hath he spoken,† and surely shall this prove a most accomplished prince, if God grant him life and well-being."

But

* Collins. † Froissart.

But John of France, touched to the heart with the Prince's generous words, and in perceiving the respectful carriage of his youthful conqueror, was roused to a reply, and thus spoke:

"Though* it hath been our chance to fall into an inconsolable sorrow, yet, for all that, kind cousin, we think it becomes us to smother our griefs, as much as we may, since though by the law of arms and the chance of war we be under the subjection of another, yet it is under so worthy a prince as yourself, by whom to be vanquished is no dishonour, especially since we were not as faint-hearted cowards, taken in flight, or lying hid in a corner, but in the open field, with sword in hand, where we were as ready to die as to live in defence of justice."

To this the Prince made answer: "Sir, methinks you for your part ought rather to rejoice, though all things did not fall out according to your wish: for, this very day, you have won the high renown of personal valour, above all others that bore arms on your

* Collins.

your side. Sir, I say not this to flatter your sorrow, or to deride you; for all the captains on our side, that saw what every one did, are unanimously agreed to grant the chaplet of eminence unto your majesty's person."

John then gave high and just praise to the English warriours—and was afterwards silent, during the remainder of the banquet.

The English knights, esquires, and men at arms poured in from skirting, laden with captives, gold, plate, jewels and trophies, for the enemy had come to the field in all their magnificence, making sure of the day. Thousands of captives were permitted to depart on their faith and troth, to return to Bourdeaux between that period and the festival of the Nativity, with the ransom, which the generous victors made easy, saying, "they would not set too high a price upon a knight or gentleman, but that he might still be able to live after his rank, and to follow the wars in an equipage agreeable to his quality."

Meanwhile, Edgar Atheling, covered with

with glory, was seeking throughout the camp for his friend. De Clifford, after performing wondrous feats of valour, was on a sudden lost. In vain did Atheling enquire of his men, and of all who had fought near him; in the vast confusion and uproar of the conquering and subdued, none could declare when last the Lord de Clifford had been seen.

Atheling lighted a torch, and paced the field of battle. And now that silence reigned, the dreadful spectacle filled his breast with horror; disgusted and sick at heart, he turned away, resolved again to make search among those that still assembled from the skirts of the field.[59] As he passed from tent to tent, he kindly encouraged the wounded, and himself aided the dressings. Friends or foes were to him alike when in need. Again he listened with anxiety to every footstep, for de Clifford lay not among the sufferers—but none answered to the name—"oh, dreadful suspence! art thou not even more torturing than the shocking worst!" Again and again Edgar broke from the spot whereon he

he leaned his wearied limbs, and again profound darkness drove him backward.

At length, morning beamed, and the whole army united to return public thanks to the Giver of Victories. Then the great Prince harangued his noble warriors, and made all hearts to overflow with joy and gratitude in the high praise and munificent rewards bestowed on the English valour and fidelity. The trumpet sounded for the heralds to advance, and take the number and quality of the dead, and with these also rushed the anxious Edgar. Slowly they climbed over the piles of slain, collecting as they went on, above an hundred* warlike ensigns, and cautiously turning the shield and armour, where the features were shattered or disordered. A noble figure, half dismantled, of English proportion, struck the appalled senses of Atheling; trembling he sank on his knee to raise the corse, as it reclined on the face. "Surely," murmured he, "those dark locks—those capacious shoulders are—yet, de Clifford, thou wast of larger stature—oh, heaven!.." —he

* Collins.

—he started back—" oh, heaven! 'tis Alfred!—oh, Alfred! Alfred! dear, generous youth!—art thou—art thou, indeed, laid low?" Edgar lifted his cold hand, still clenched on his spear, and pressing it to his cheek, hid his face, as the graceful tear of feeling stole downward. " Art thou really dead, my Alfred? and is the wound at which thy noble spirit escaped, in thy pure breast?—Oh, Alfred! shall I never more embrace the companion of mine infant days? nor hear thee touch thy sweet harp? nor ever again hear the sweeter tone of thy voice?—and the dear maid that loves thee so tenderly, how will she endure the loss of her Alfred?—and thy parents!—Weep now, poor beings, the pride of your days is withered!—and so young, so tender, so innocent!" Atheling, overcome by emotion, bent still lower, whilst the speech died away from his trembling lip.

Thus the glossy ivy, with modest confidence, takes his station near the young sapling, and clinging round him, they spread and age together. Presently the ivy is torn with violence from the supporting bed, and

in

in the shock the noble tree is wounded in the bark, languishes and droops: so languished Atheling for his faithful Alfred.

But soon he looks up to heaven. "We were nearly of one age. Lord, what am I, that I should be spared? What have I done, oh, my God! that I breathe while this one is a corse? I am not stronger, better I cannot be, than he was. I am higher in rank, but art Thou a respecter of persons? then would not lie here in the dust, all the proudest blood of France. Why did not the savage spear rankle through my vitals, Lord? Why am I not prostrate, and this youth lamenting over me as a fallen flower? God of Heaven, why did the sharp arrow flutter round my head, and then lean aside? Why did the axe crush other bones, and leave mine as they grew from Thy creating finger? Oh, my God! what angel didst thou send from the foot of Thy throne to guard me in the midst of dangers? How shall I thank Thee?—How shall I speak?—How can a worm give honour to Thee, when by the breath of Thy mouth whole armies are dispersed, empires

empires scattered, and worlds unstrung to their foundations!"

Edgar remained kneeling some time longer, and then mournful rose, and beckoning two esquires craved them to lift the body on a target, and bear it to his tent, previous to the funereal honours; and then sighing deeply, began again the dreadful search.

"Whom do you seek, my lord?" said respectfully a Cornish man at arms. "The Lord de Clifford," eagerly replied Atheling, "if ye know aught of him, speak, friend." —"I did hear, my lord," replied the man, "that an English baron, pursuing the enemy at full speed, bore down even to the very gates of Poictiers, and rushing forward was wounded by a flying party in the Dauphin's train."—"It must be—then thank heaven! he lives even now, I trust; I know his ardent soul," cried Atheling. "Friend, haste to the Lord of Warwick; tell him I go to enquire for de Clifford; bid him excuse me to my Prince." Then in the eagerness of hope, fled Edgar to the town, thoughtless of danger and of consequences.

sequences. Friendship! how beautiful must thou be, when in thy strength, thou forgettest the first law of nature, self-preservation! Edgar stood before the hostile town, with no defence but his sword, and alone. Yet so great was the terror of English deeds, that although some few of the enemy passed, they heeded him not, intent but on their own flight and safety.

At the gates he paused. "If I enter, I am, it may be, a prisoner. What then? —I see de Clifford, who is wounded—perhaps dying—I lean over his pillow, I rest his head on my breast, I soothe his pain—or, if it must be, I take his last sigh!—Bondage welcome! what care I for thee?" He thundered at the portal: hundreds, in terror, looked from the ramparts: the hinges slowly creak: he is admitted—seized by armed men. "Hear me," cried Atheling; "conduct me to your governor; I am a baron of England." The men at arms fell back on these words, and led the way to the citadel. Edgar, with hasty step, followed. and was shewn to the Marshal

shal of France. The English chief thus addressed him:

"I come, sir, to seek a friend. I am told that a British noble lies wounded in Poictiers, and this noble is the man. If friendship ever touched your breast, you will command the doors to open at my approach, that I may lament with him, and soothe his anguish; but if generous passion ne'er throbbed your icy heart, then I yield myself your prisoner; let me be conducted to my companion in misfortune, I claim this as my right."

The governor, for a moment, stepped aside, and then slowly returned, closing in the apartment; then he advanced to Edgar, and pressed him in his arms. "Generous chief!" cried he, "dost thou not remember the Lord Chauvigny? the man to whom thou gavest thy steed, whose life thou hast preserved?" Edgar, amazed, returned the embrace. "I do, sir," said he, "and I rejoice that you had success."—"Ah! sir," returned the other, "when my King is so unfortunate, one has little reason to be proud of life—but I owe you gratitude—

you

you shall see and embrace your friend; but prepare for the shock, he is senseless, he raves.—See him, and be pleased afterwards to return to me. I must now call my people, in other terms, to conduct you, that I may hush suspicion."

The Marshal flung open the door, and calling the soldiers, "Here, friends, shew this lord to the chamber of the wounded; he hath state reasons." Then Edgar followed with a palpitating heart, and entering a small apartment, beheld de Clifford, restrained on his couch by four persons. For a moment, Atheling gazed, and then precipitated himself towards the couch. "Oh, my friend! in what a state do I behold thee! de Clifford, speak to me, speak to thine Edgar!"

Suddenly the wounded paused; the loved tone of his friend stayed the dreadful imprecations he would have uttered. Edgar commanded him to be freed from the hands that held him, and leaning over, strained him to his breast. "De Clifford, surely my de Clifford knows me—he knows Atheling, his friend, his companion?"—

"Yes,"

"Yes," replied de Clifford, "I did know him, but his head is so bad."—"Is thine head so ill, loved de Clifford?" answered Edgar, "and has no tender hand granted thee one slip of linen, to shield the horrid gap? Oh, my friend, that I had been with thee! that I had suffered instead of thee! Good people, give him some drink; behold his parched lip—his inflamed eye. Is there no skilful hand to probe this ghastly wound, and give me hopes?—De Clifford, wert thou but near to English aid—cruel impetuosity—thou hast undone him."

The sorrow of the young hero provoked to sympathy, and he was speedily presented with a large vase of water, which he tenderly pressed against the lip of his friend, whilst he gently raised his injured head. No sooner did the grateful beverage play round the mouth, than de Clifford voraciously swallowed the draughts, when, as if with new life, he submitted to be softly replaced by Edgar, and calmly shutting the lid, suffered him to pour upon the lacerated scalp the clear stream; which, when done, the hero tore from his side, a large remnant

of linen, and with soft touch, bound up the temples. And now, the grateful work finished, and nature revived, the sick man fell into a repose.

Edgar, mindful of the Governor's words, and holding up his finger in token of silence, crept from the chamber and followed the centinel. He again stood before the Marshal, who thus spoke: "Young chieftain, I see your anxiety; I know what my gratitude should dictate—that you should both be freed. You, sir, shall receive your steed from me, and shall depart; but the Lord de Clifford's release is beyond my means—his captivity is already known to the people, and my life, my honour are security for this English baron. Fly, sir, yourself—in six hours it will be too late."

The fine stature of Edgar expanded as he replied: "Little know you, sir, British fidelity, if thus lightly you can bid me desert my friend in his anguish—in his peril—in his extremity. Never; my lord, I am your captive."

The Marshal bent his head distressed—but quickly turning to Edgar, "Generous chief!

chief! how far will gratitude lead me!—I will befriend you, Sir; hearken; yet; I hesitate—your friend might be conveyed from Poictiers—he may recover—yet he is near death, and as a corse he might be conducted away, if—you would yourself venture to declare he was actually dead, to my people and the guards—the....."

"Hold! my lord," cried Atheling, "I respect your motive, but I have a father—a father who if he knew the lip of his son to be sullied by a falsehood, would sink into the earth with infamy. My lord, accept my thanks; I am your prisoner, and surely 'tis not so hard a fate as to be past endurance."

Stung to the soul, the veteran could make no reply. "Please yourself, my lord," at length he proudly answered. Edgar flung himself at his feet: "Pardon me, compassionate chief, if I have failed in my thanks," he cried. "You may still save my friend and with honour. Your word is passed to me for safety. I am therefore free. Now, my lord, is not a foe vigorous and healthy, more dangerous than one

who is deeply wounded, whose life hangs upon a doubt? Surely. Exchange us then, my lord; I myself will reply to your court, and be the peril of the event upon my own head. Let the wounded be conveyed on a litter with a herald, to the English camp, where he may have assistance and kind care: I will remain in his place; grant me but an escort, and I will set out for Paris, and deliver myself to the Dauphin."

"Proud country! Superb England!" exclaimed the astonished Marshal, "whence do you derive this grandeur of soul and sentiment? Are ye, great Britons, an ancient migration from the shores of Epaminondas? or is your wondrous virtue inherent to your soil? Young man, do with me as you will, it were vain to oppose generosity when she puts on the garb of friendship!" Edgar, transported, embraced his knees, and fearful of delay, again pressed the execution. Immediately were the orders given for the litter to be prepared, and as de Clifford still dosed, Atheling gently assisted in sliding him upon it; then

touching

touching his hand said, " heaven bless thee, my friend; now may I hope; now will Edgar be consoled, for of nought shalt thou stand in need; and if thy spirit quit this earth, how will it smile on me hereafter! Yet, forsake me not, de Clifford, but live to bless me again in thy presence!" And now the precious burden moved from his sight; the gates of Poictiers opened—closed again—Edgar started—put his hand to his throbbing temple, followed the guards, and entered the apartment that de Clifford had just quitted.

NOTES.

Note 1.]—Restormal castle, about a mile west of the town of Lestwithiel and a few miles from Launceston. This castle stands not on a factitious hill, for the architect finding a rocky knoll on the edge of a hill overlooking a deep valley, had no more to do, than to plane the rock into a level, and shape it round by a ditch, &c. The Keep* is a very magnificent one; the outer wall or rampart is an exact circle, a hundred and ten feet diameter within, and ten feet wide at the top, including the thickness of the parapet which is two feet six, &c. There are three stair-cases leading to the top of the rampart, one on each side of the gateway ascending from the court within, and one betwixt the inner and outermost gate. The rooms are nineteen feet wide; the windows mostly in the innermost wall; but there are some very large openings in the outmost wall or rampart, *now walled up,* shaped like gothic church windows, sharp arched, which were formerly very handsome and pleasant windows, their recesses reaching to the planching of the rooms: These large openings were all on the chamber floor where the rooms of state seem to have been, and from the floor of these chambers you pass on a level to the chapel. This chapel is but 25 feet 6, by 17 feet 6; but that it might have been more commodious, there seems to have been an anti-chapel. This chapel, as Leland well observes, is a newer work than the castle itself; and I may add that the gateway and large windows in the rampart wall are also more modern than the Keep, for they were not made for war and safety, but for pleasure and grandeur; and yet, as modern as these things compared with the rest may appear, they must be at least as antient as Edmund, son of Richard King of the Romans. (temp. Ed. I.) This prince kept his court here, and in all probability made these additions (temp. Hen. III.). The offices belonging to this castle lay below in the bass-

* A Keep is a building elevated above the rest, by a hillock (or Tumulus) for the most part artificially raised,—*(Dr. Borlase, p. 350.)*

bass-court, where signs of many ruins to the north and east, are still apparent, and with the ruins on either hand as you come towards the great gate from the west, shew that this castle was of great extent; the noble Keep still holds up the shell of its turreted head."

The following lamentation by Mr. Carew, p. 138, is upon Restormal castle. "It may move compassion that a palace so healthful for air, so delightful for prospect, so necessary for commodities, so fair in regard of those days for building, and so strong for defence, should in time of secure peace, and under the protection of its natural princes, be wronged with those spoiling, than which it could endure no greater at the hands of any foreign and deadly enemy; for the park is disparked; the timber wood rooted up, the conduit pipes taken away, &c. &c. &c."

There was a park round it well wooded, and suitable to the quality of the ancient owners, but with several other parks in this county (there having been formerly belonging to this Earldom nine parks, and one chase or forest) disparked by Hen. VIII. at the instance of Sir Richard Pollard.—(*Dr. Borlase, Antiq. p.* 356.—*Cornwall.*)

NOTE 2.]—Dante seems to be the first author who hath introduced the mention of an *orologio, which struck the hour* (and consequently cannot be a dial), in his Paradiso, c. 10.

Now Dante was born in 1265, and died in 1321, aged 57; therefore, striking clocks could not have been very uncommon in Italy at the latter end of the 13th century, or the very beginning of the 14th.

But the use of clocks was not confined to Italy at this period; for we had one of these artists in England precisely about the same time, who furnished the famous clock-house near Westminster-hall, with a clock to be heard by the courts of law, out of a fine imposed on the Chief-Justice of the King's Bench in the 16th year of Edward I. or A. D. 1288.

Mr. Norris, Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries, hath been likewise so obliging as to refer me to an instance of a very ancient clock in the same century.

I shall now produce a proof, that not only clocks but

watches were made in the beginning of the 14th century.

Seven or eight years ago, some labourers were employed at Bruce castle in Fifeshire, where they found a watch, together with some coin; both of which they disposed of to a shopkeeper of St. Andrews, who sent the watch to his brother in London, considering it as a curious piece of antiquity. The outer case is of silver, raised, in rather a handsome pattern, over a ground of blue enamel; and I think I can distinguish a cypher of R. B. at each corner of the enchased work. On the dial-plate is written Robertus B. Rex Scottorum, and over it is a convex transparent horn, instead of the glasses which we use at present.

Now Robertus B. Rex Scottorum can be no other king of Scotland than Robert Bruce, who began his reign in 1305, and died in 1328; for the Christian name of Baliol, who succeeded him, was Edward; nor can Robertus B. be applied to any later Scottish king.

This very singular watch is not of a larger size than those which are now in common use; at which I was much surprised till I had seen several of the 16th century in the collection of Sir Ashton Lever, and Mr. Ingham Forster, which were considerably smaller.—The next mention I find of *horologia*, is in Rymer's Fœdera, where there is a protection of Edward III., A. D. 1368, to three Dutchmen who were *orlogiers*.—(*Hon. Daines Barrington's Observations on the early Introduction of Clocks.—Archæologia, vol.* v.)

Chaucer, who lived in the 14th century, says,

> Full silkerer was his crowing in his loge,
> As is a *clock*, or any abbey orloge.

Note 3.]—In the thirteenth century we read that the two chief meals were dinner and supper. The first was at nine in the morning, the supper at five in the afternoon. At the repasts, the Britons had long been accustomed to display great luxury and magnificence, and their side-tables were highly ornamented, and covered with various fermented liquors, as mead, ale, beer and above all fine rich wines of English growth.—(*See Dr. Henry's England.*)

Note

NOTE 4.]—HOSPITALITY.—An almost unlimited hospitality reigned in the palaces of princes, and the castles of great barons. The courts of some of the kings of England in this period (Anglo-Norman) are said to have been splendid and numerous to a degree that is hardly credible. That of Richard II. is thus described by an historian of the greatest integrity: "His royalty was such, that wheresoever he lay, his person was guarded by two hundred Cheshire men; he had about him thirteen bishops, besides barons, knights, esquires, &c. insomuch, that to the household came every day to meat 10,000 people, as appeared by the messes told out of the kitchen to three hundred servitors." We may form some idea of the magnificence and hospitality of the opulent and powerful barons of their times from an account of the immense (household) expences of Thomas Earl of Lancaster, A. D. 1313. It there appears that this great Earl spent as much in one year as £109,635 of our money at present. Other earls and barons, in general, spent almost all their revenues, and the produce of their large domains, in hospitality at their castles in the country, which were ever open to strangers of condition, as well as to their own vasals, friends, and followers.

When the marriage of Richard Earl of Cornwall, and Cincia daughter of Reimund Earl of Provence, was celebrated in London, A. D. 1243, there were above thirty thousand dishes served up at the marriage dinner.—(*Henry's England,* pp. 573—594.)

The hospitality of English chiefs, from the earliest times, has been always a pleasing theme for writers. That the immense halls were built to accommodate vast numbers of guests of all ranks, we shall presently prove, if proof be wanting. Dr. Borlase in his Antiquities of Cornwall says, "that the oven of Restormal castle, in the ruins of the bass court, was fourteen feet wide; which, as he adds from his authority, may serve to give us some idea of the hospitality of the times." (p 357.) And in Mr. King's sequel to the observations on antient castles, Archæologia, vol. 6, we read, "It appears (from a record extant in the office of Arms) that even the last king mentioned (Henry VII.) most commonly dined himself in the great hall, where his offi-

cers had their respective tables, from whence it fairly may be inferred, that his predecessors did the same. A small window at the upper end originally looked out of some principal apartment into this (*Eltham*) hall; a window similar to which (in imitation of these royal halls) existed in almost all the more private *noble* ones for some centuries. In Ely House, in Holborn, just before its being pulled down, it was discovered, that behind the wainscot, and the hangings of the great drawing-rooms (the same room identically that had always been a principal apartment of the house) there was a large recess, like a bow-window, neatly wainscotted with oak, which led merely to a little window, just of the same sort as that here described, looking into the great hall directly over the table at the upper end.

"At Penshurst, in Kent, again, although the window there is now concealed, yet it is obvious there was originally just such another in the very same situation looking into the great hall from the great room above, in that house, &c.

"These windows, we may therefore be assured, had their *peculiar use*; and that use seems to have been, to give a constant view, from one of the state apartments above, into the great hall, both, whilst the inferior part of the guests were assembling, before the lord of the mansion and persons of dignity went down to the common repast; and at other times occasionally, when there was any concourse of people in that apartment."

Note 5.]—The same gentleman continues, "we find however, that in 1641, the custom of great personages dining *constantly* in the common hall (as Henry VII. certainly did at Eltham) was somewhat disused: for in a very curious memoir giving an account of the manner in which the Earl of Worcester lived at Ragland castle, before the civil wars, we are informed that at eleven o'clock the castle gates were shut, and the tables laid; *two* in the dining room, and three in the hall. At the first table sat the noble family, and such of the nobility as came there. At the second table in the dining room or great chamber, sat knights. At the first table, in the hall, sat gentlemen under

der the degree of knights. And at the second table gentleman waiters and pages. Particular care was taken to place the guests according to their rank. In the middle of each table there stood a great salt-seller; and it was a mark of distinction whether a person sat above or below the salt."

NOTE 6.]—The Troubadours were the ancient wandering poets, supposed to originate in Provence, who wrote, set, and sang their own verses.

There were at one time a great number of these bards, among whom were reckoned several princes and nobles. Richard I. of England was esteemed of this class. The Italian poets are said to have borrowed their best pieces from the Troubadours; and Pasquier declares expressly, that Dante and Petrarch are, indeed, the fountains of poetry—but fountains which have their source in the Provençal poetry, Bouche, in his history of Provence, relates, that about the middle of the twelfth century, the Troubadours began to be esteemed *throughout* Europe; and that their credit and poetry were at the highest about the middle of the fourteenth: so that they flourished in Europe about two hundred and fifty years; viz. from 1120 till the year 1382.—(*Vide Chambers' Cyc.—Troubadour.*)

NOTE 7.]—The trombe or trump was an ancient instrument of the trumpet kind, to which the Troubadours generally sang their poems, and from the use of this it is supposed the word Troubadour or *Trombadour* is derived.—(See *Chambers.*)

NOTE 8.]—The University of Oxford, in time of Henry III. was the second in Christendom, from the learning of its professors, the number of its students, and the quality of its visitors or pilgrims, who came from all parts of Europe, for profit or amusement.—(See *Speed*, c. ix. p. 593, 618.)

The same historian says, in page 622, that there were 15,000 students, whose names were entered in the matriculation book; and that these students were chiefly the sons of nobles and kindred of the great men of the land.

Henry III. built and endowed the Hospital of St. John, in Oxford, expressly for the entertainment and

relief of *foreigners* and pilgrims, who much frequented the city.—(*Speed*, p. 593.)

Alfred the Great is considered the founder, or, as some declare, the restorer of the University of Oxford. Certain it is, that he erected schools or halls, and assigned pensions to the students. Rapin, p. 95, mentions the number of four halls or schools; the first for divinity; the second for grammar and rhetoric; the third for logic, arithmetic, and music; the fourth for geometry and astronomy.

The illustrious sister University of Cambridge, we will just observe, was founded by Edward the Elder, according to the opinion of some; but in the year 1110, in Henry I. we have authentic testimony of professors being sent to Cambridge to teach the sciences; in a year's time the audience so increased that no house was large enough to contain them.—(*Rapin, T.'s note*, p. 112.)

The first college was founded in 1284 (Rapin); Merton College, at Oxford, was about this time founded and finished after so excellent a manner that the King gave leave to Hugh, Bishop of Ely, to found Peter-House (the ancientest place of learning in Cambridge), after the same model and manner.—(*Wood's Antiq. Oxford*, p. 4.)

Note 9.]—The family of de Lusignan held the kingdom of Cyprus during several generations of Richard I. of England, who conquered it, and married the Princess Berengaria. The King of Cyprus actually visited England during Edward III's reign, and remained some time there.—(*Speed—Collins's Life of the Black Prince—Rapin.*)

Note 10.—Robert Lord Clifford, Baron of Westmoreland, was thirteen years and six months old at the death of his father, and consequently, was ward to the King seven years and six months. Notwithstanding his being so young, he was married, before his father's death, to Euphemia, one of the daughters of Ralph de Nevill, Lord of Middleham Castle, in Yorkshire. He served King Edward III. in his wars with France, and was with the Black Prince in the battle of Cressy, when he was but 16 years of age. The said King, by his letters patent, granted to this Robert, for his good and

and laudable service, 12*l.* 14*s.* 8½*d.* of lands, which were Christopher Seaton's, the King's enemy, in Cumberland. He died in France, as is supposed, about the 32d year of his age, without any issue.—(*Burn's Antiquities of Westmoreland and Cumberland*, p. 279.)

NOTE 11.]—The hospitality of England was so great that in the remote ages a chieftain even blushed to close his door; he flew to meet a stranger of any rank, presented him water to wash, and waited to receive the arms of his guest; which, if they were presented, was a sign that the stranger would pass the night under his roof, and this was ever considered a mark of respect and honour.—(*Dr. Henry's England.*)

NOTE 12.]—Thomas Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, Governor of Tamworth-castle, Sheriff of Warwick and Worcester, Governor of Guernsey, Earl Marshal and Lord High Admiral of England, and Knight of the most noble Order of the Garter. This Earl fought in all the King's battles by sea and land, and was highly beloved both by Edward III. and his son the Black Prince. The illustrious family of Beauchamp is said to have been transplanted hither from Normandy at the conquest. One of the first of *this* race mentioned in our histories is Hugh de Beauchamp, who received from Duke William after he subdued this kingdom, lands of great extent.—(*Biog. Brit. vide Beauchamp.*)

NOTE 13.]—John de Pelham, knighted by Edward III. was the person who first laid hold of the French King's belt when he surrendered at the battle of Poictiers, notwithstanding the assertions of the French writers, who give the honour to a native of France; for, in memory of this service, and that of Sir Roger de la Warr, who got the royal captive's sword, the descendants of Sir John de Pelham constantly used the buckles of a belt as a badge, and in their seals; and the descendants of Sir Roger de la Warr had also the crampet or champe of a sword for a badge, from whom the present Lord de la Warr is maternally descended; and from the said Sir John de Pelham, his Grace the Duke of Newcastle, is lineally descended in the male line; and, as his ancestors from that time have borne the buckles of a belt, sometimes as a crest and in their seals, his Grace con-

continues it to this day: all which is evident from the old deeds of his Grace's family, which I had the honour to peruse. It is also a further proof of his being in the battle of Poictiers, and that he was a person of eminence and integrity, for that John de Vere, Earl of Oxford, who so greatly distinguished himself there, had such an esteem for him, that by his last will and testament, dated at Bentley in Essex, on Friday, the Feast of All Saints, 33 Ed. constituted him one of his executors. Likewise, for his prudence, valour, and fidelity, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, appointed him to attend him in his wars, as his esquire.—(*Collins's Life of the Black Prince*, p, 90, 91.)

Note 14.]—Edward III. finding it necessary to appoint a governor to protect his inheritance of Aquitain from the ravages of the French, constituted, in the year 1355, his son the Prince of Wales, his lieutenant in the dukedom of Aquitain, and other places in France, whither he should happen to march; both for the reformation of the state of the dukedom and other places in France, and the recovery of his lands and his right, possessed by the rebels. And by another commission of the same date, he gave him power to make alliances with all persons of what nation, dignity, or condition soever; as also to retain men, and pay them wages and rewards. A third commission gave him power (in the King's stead and name) to receive homage and fidelity from the nobility and others within the said dukedom and realm of France.— (*Collins's Life of the Black Prince*, p. 43, 44.)

Notes 15 and 16.]—After the battle of Crescy, Edward, with his victorious army, marched to Calais, laid siege to it eleven months, and at last, by means of reducing the inhabitants to famine, took the place; and so exasperated was he by the delay, that he required six citizens to deliver themselves up as sacrifices for the rest of the inhabitants. Six victims, accordingly, with noble zeal, came forward, and would have suffered but for the entreaties of the generous Queen Philippa. Edward, after this, established his troops in Calais, and appointed a governor; when ambassadors of both realms having concluded a solemn truce of some months, he and his Queen departed for England.

Edward

Edward had not long been settled in the English court when he privately heard that the French had treacherously endeavoured to corrupt the governor, Sir Emeric of Pavia (a Lombard), for twenty thousand crowns of gold, to deliver up the castle. Edward immediately sent for the governor to come to him; and, when he saw him, took him into his closet and said—"You know well, sir, that I have entrusted to your charge that thing which, in this world, I love best, next to my wife and children; that is to say, the castle of Calais, whereby the town also is commanded, and yet this castle have you traiterously sold to the French: wherefore, what can you say now why you should not suffer a shameful death?" Then the Lombard fell on his knees and said—"Ah, my gracious master! I humbly crave your mercy. What you say I acknowledge is all true; but, sire, the bargain may be easily broken, for, as yet, I have not received one penny of the money." The King, who long had a favour for him, thinking he might be of use in frustrating the design, said, "Emeric, I give you your life, and continue you in your office in trust of your amendment; and I would also have you go on with your bargain, and get as much money of my enemies as you can; but let me have true information of the day and hour appointed for the delivery of the castle; and let no soul know of this one communication; and on this condition I forgive you your trespass." According to this agreement the Lombard returned to Calais, resolving to be true to so indulgent a master, and to put a trick upon those who had thus attempted to debauch his loyalty.

The time of the delivery of the castle of Calais was fixed on the last night of December; of which the Lombard, by a brother of his, sent notice to King Edward, who was then at Havering at the Bower in Essex, keeping his Christmas. Whereupon he chose privately a select body of eight thousand men of arms and one thousand archers, and taking ship at Dover, arrived that evening at Calais, so secretly that none but his friends knew of it, and immediately disposed his men in ambush in the dungeon, and other places in the castle; and then told the Lord Walter Manny, he had a mind

a mind to grace him with the honour of the enterprize, for both he and his son the prince intended to fight under his banner.

The Lord Geoffry Charney (on the side of the French) had furnished himself with a thousand choice men of arms, and others to the number of twenty thousand, and, on the last day of December, came near Calais, about eight of the clock at night, and then halted and set his men in order of battle. About twelve he sent two equerries to the postern gate of the castle; who, finding Sir Emeric ready there to receive them, demanded of him if it was time for the Lord Charney to come; and he said "Yes, high time." On this answer, returning to their master, he passed Newland bridge in order of battle, and sent twelve knights, with an hundred men of arms, to take possession of the castle; also, by Sir Edward Renty, their commander, twenty thousand crowns of gold, in a bag, for Sir Emeric; who received it of him at the postern, saying—"I hope here is the full sum, though I am not at leisure to count it now;" and thereupon cast it into a chest, saying to the French, "Come on, messieurs, you shall first seize on the dungeon, and then you are sure to be masters of the castle." On their approach he drew the bars aside and opened the gate for their entrance. Within this part of the tower was King Edward, with the Prince his son, and two hundred men of arms, who at that instant sallied out upon the French with their swords and battle-axes, crying, "A Manny, a Manny, to the rescue! What, do the Frenchmen imagine with so few men to take the castle of Calais?" On which sudden surprize, and seeing themselves out-numbered, they yielded themselves prisoners of war, and were immediately disarmed and carried to the same dungeon; after which, the King and Prince, with the English, mounted on horseback, and issued out of the castle into the town, to the gate that looked towards Boulogne. There the Lord Charney stood, with his banner, desirous of being the first that should enter; and the King having ordered the gate to be opened, he, with the Prince his son, incognito, under the banner of the Lord Manny, with the Lords Suffolk, Stafford, Montague, Beauchamp, de la

de la Ware, Berkeley, and Ross, with their men, issued forth in order of battle, crying, "A Manny, a Manny, to the rescue!" The Lord Charney, with his men were, on this, in some confusion, finding the Lombard had betrayed them; but, like a wise and valiant general, he said aloud—"Messieurs, if we turn our backs we are lost without remedy; 'tis more safe to expect our enemies with a good courage, and then we shall obtain the day." The front of the English hearing these words, answered—"By St. George, you say well! A shame on them that turn their backs first." Then the French lighting off their horses, prepared to fight on foot: which King Edward seeing, he said to the Lord Manny—"Let us also get on foot, for the enemy, I see, will expect us."

The battle began and continued with fury. Edward and the Prince of Wales fought unknown among the English, till at length the King, to give higher animation to his men, lifted his helmet and shewed himself, saying—"Do well, you archers, play the men lustily, and know that I am Edward of Windsor."

Thus fired by the words and example of their King, as also by honour and necessity itself, they stripped up their sleeves to their shoulders, to have the more liberty for action, and that none of them might fail of due execution. The King, as Walsingham writes, did marvels, raging like a wild boar, and crying out for indignation (as his usual manner was), "Ha, St. Edward! Ha, St. George!" till, at last, the French were put to flight.

The Lord Charney being grievously wounded, was taken, as also his son, and the Lord Montmorency, and several other knights very narrowly escaped: so that almost the whole party which engaged, consisting of three thousand men, were cut off or taken.

After this victory, which was so happily completed on the first day of January, by ten in the morning, King Edward returned, with the Prince, to the castle of Calais; and commanding all the prisoners to be brought before him, he most courteously told them he would that night give them all an entertainment in his castle of Calais; and then the French first knew the King

King had been personally in this exploit, though disguised in common armour. The tables were spread in the great hall against supper; and a magnificent and royal feast was provided, and the French were there, as the King had ordered. They had all shifted themselves and were richly clothed. The King sat at a table by himself, at the upper end of the hall, the Prince his son, and the lords and knights of England serving at the first course, but at the second they also sat down on each side of the King; the French lords and captains being all at one long table in the middle of the hall. After supper the King continued still in the hall among his nobles, and the French having wine brought them, he went to discourse with them. He had about his head a rich chaplet of gold, beset with precious pearls; and when he came to the Lord Geffry Charney, he beheld him with some signs of displeasure, and said—"Sir Geffrey, of right I should owe you but small thanks, since you designed to steal from me in the dark that which I so fairly won by day, and which cost me so dearly. I am very well satisfied I took you in the fact, for surely you thought to make a better bargain when you attempted to purchase Calais for twenty thousand crowns; but God Almighty hath in mercy assisted me, and you have missed your aim." Both shame and evil conscience did not suffer him to say a word, or, his wounds being fresh, he was not disposed to speak, so the King left him, and went to the Lord Eustace de Ribemont (with whom he had fought hand to hand, yet unknown), when he made a stand, and with a friendly countenance, said to him—"Sir Eustace, of all men living you are the knight whom I have found most as well in offending your enemies as in defending yourself; and I never in my life met with that man that gave me so much ado, body to body, as you have done this day: wherefore, I adjudge the prize of knighthood unto you, by right sentence, above all the knights of my court;" and then the King took off the chaplet of pearls he wore on his head, and presenting it to him, said, "Sir Eustace, I give you this chaplet for the best doer in arms, at this last battle, of either party, and I desire you to wear it this year at festivals, for my sake.

sake. I know well you are a personable gentleman, young and amorous, and well accepted of among the ladies; wherefore, if you will wear it in all public balls, and declare that the King of England gave this as a testimony of your valour; I will now also release you from prison, quitting you wholly of your ransom, and you shall depart to-morrow, if you please." Such was the generous heart of King Edward; but how gratefully Sir Eustace expressed himself is not delivered to us by any of our historians: they only tell us he was extremely pleased with his fortune to fight hand to hand with so great a King, and to receive from him such an honourable acknowledgment; and that he not only wore the said chaplet whilst he lived, but, in memory of so royal a gift from so mighty a prince, did ever after bear in his arms three chaplets, garnished with pearls.

Thus was the treason of the French in time of truce justly thrown on their own heads; but so enraged was the French King at the disappointment, that having taken Sir Emeric the year after, about St. Omer's (which was also in time of truce), he was, by his order, first degraded of knighthood, branded with a hot iron, and then his tongue being cut out, he was hanged, beheaded, quartered, and dismembered.—(*Hollinshed—Mezerai—Froissart—Walsingham—Collins's Life of the Black Prince.)*

Note 17.]—When Duke William took possession of England, the fine province of Normandy in France was annexed to the English crown; and in the subsequent reigns, and especially in that of Henry II. whose Queen brought him in marriage Guienne and Poitou, the English possessions in France were very considerably extended.

The name of Aquitain, which Edward III. revived when he invested his son with the duchy and principality, was the ancient title of a Roman province of Gaul; which province, when subdued by Clovis, reached from the Loire to the Pyrennees.

It was a matter of jealousy with the French Princes that the subjects of England should be established in so large a part of their ancient territories; and, accordingly

ingly we find that no opportunity was ever allowed to pass of molesting the inhabitants, or of ravaging the borders or cities belonging to England. The injustice called for chastisement, and hence arose the various local disputes between the Anglo-Normans and the French till the period of Edward III. when hostilities wore a deeper shade, and motives of attack or resistance assumed a more serious character.—(See *Rapin's England—Gibbon's Roman Empire*, chap. 28).

NOTE 18.]—In 1353 the Cheshire men having committed some insolence or riot against the servants of the Prince of Wales, which were officers under him as Earl of Chester, the King was so much incensed that he sent two justices itinerant to sit in Chester, and at the same time ordered forces under the leading of his son the Prince of Wales, attended by Henry Duke of Lancaster, and the Earls of Warwick and Stafford, to go thither to prevent any violence or insurrection. But the Cheshire men, knowing themselves in fault, compounded with the Prince of Wales their lord, for five thousand and sixty marks, to be paid within four years, and gave such security as the Prince himself desired, on condition, that the justices should no longer continue their circuit of Eyre on them. After which the Prince, on his return, passing through the Abbey of Vale Royal, and seeing there the structure of the fabric of a church, begun by the good King Edward, his great grandfather, he gave, of his princely good will, five hundred marks towards the promotion of the said pious work, which was esteemed a tenth of his whole perquisites in Cheshire. —(*Collins's Life of the Black Prince*, p. 42, 43).

NOTE 19.]—As Edward's foreign wars had more or less connection with the ancient Salic law of the French monarchy, it may not be impertinent to give here a few arguments of several writers upon the subject. First, with regard to the law itself: it will be necessary to know (as Rapin observes, p. 446) what is meant by the *Salic* law, which is in every one's mouth, which so few have any knowledge of, and concerning which the French themselves are not agreed, though they reckon it a fundamental law of their monarchy. Some say the *Salic* law is not to be looked for among records since it is

is a law of nations. Some pretend that Pharamond, the first King of the Franks, decreed, by an express law, that the females should not succeed to the crown, which has ever since been inviolate. Others attribute this law to Clovis. Mazarine pretends the succession of the males to the crown of France was not established by a written law, but by an inviolate custom. This confusion of ideas which makes the Salic law to be considered as a law of nature, another while as a positive and express law, and sometimes as a mere custom, renders this matter obscure.

Before the Franks settled in that part of Gaul they have so long possessed, they were dispersed by troops (or in tribes) in Germany and the Low Countries, from whence they received several names according to the different parts they inhabited. Some were called Salians (hence the word Salic) from the river Sala, which ran through their country. Others were distinguished by the names of Chamavi, Catti, Attuarians, Ripuarians. Each of these colonies had laws common, no doubt, to all the Franks, and probably particular ones too. Of these tribes the laws of the Salians and Ripuarians only are handed down to modern times.

Thus says Gibbon, c. 38. Before the election of the Merovingian Kings, the most powerful tribe or nation of the Franks, appointed four venerable chieftains to compose the *Salic* laws ; * and their labours were examined and approved in three successive assemblies of the people. After the baptism of Clovis, he reformed several articles that appeared incompatible with Christianity. The *Salic* law was again amended by his sons ; and, at length, under the reign of Dagobert, the code was revised and promulgated in its actual form, one hundred years after the establishment of the French monarchy.

To return to Rapin —

It is a common notion that the famous *Salic* law concerns solely or chiefly the succession of males to the crown

* Latin appears to have been the original language of the Salic law. It was probably composed in the beginning of the fifth century before the æra (A.D. 421) of the real or fabulous Pharamond.

crown of France, by determining the qualifications of those who may put in their claim. This notion is wrong in several respects. Of the seventy-two articles this law consists of, there are but three or four lines of the sixty-second relating to this point. Besides they do not particularly concern the succession of the males to the crown; but belong in general to all the noble families, whose rights they regulate as well as the Royal Family. The words run thus: *As for the Salic land, no part shall descend to the females, but all shall go to the males.*

By *Salic* land is meant the lands of the nobles of the nation, and moreover according to some, the lands of conquest, such were almost all those of the French monarchy on this side of the Rhine. What has chiefly occasioned this popular notion, was the great dispute formerly between Philip de Valois and Edward III. of England.

The idea that the *Salic* law related only to the succession of the crown of France, is the reason that persons cannot understand how Edward III. son of a Princess of France, could dispute the crown of France with Philip, descended from father to son from Hugh Capet. But they who reason thus, are not aware they take for granted a thing not contested indeed at present, but which at the time of this famous dispute, was the only point in question between the two Kings. Since that point was decided, the present notion of the *Salic* law is just and certain, but I will venture to say it was then doubtful.

Second.—The ground of Edward's pretensions to the crown of France. These consisted in his being the nearest in blood to the last King.

Charles the Fair died on the 1st of February, 1328, without male issue, and leaving his Queen pregnant, there arose a great dispute concerning the regency of the kingdom. Edward laid claim to it, as nephew and nearest relation to the deceased King: but Philip, son of Charles de Valois, maintained he had an incontestable right to the regency. This controversy was decided in favour of Philip by the Peers of France, who adjudged him the regency till the birth of the infant.

In

In the mean time Edward called a Parliament, and laid before them his reasons for claiming the regency of France; and he afterwards wrote letters to certain Lords of Guienne, dated the 28th of March, about a month before the French Queen's delivery. On supposition she was brought to bed of a daughter, he told these Lords his intent was to use all possible means to recover the right and inheritance of the Queen his mother.

In April, Joanna, the wife of Charles the Fair, was delivered of a Princess whose birth would, from that moment, have occasioned a bloody war, if the minority of Edward, with other circumstances, had not hindered him from prosecuting his pretensions. He demanded, however, the crown of France, by his Ambassadors: but Philip causing himself to be crowned, by virtue of the judgment that gave him the regency, the English Ambassadors were not so much as heard.

Edward, not having it in his power to push the affair, thought proper to let it lie dormant till a more favourable opportunity. Several pieces in the collection of the public acts shew, this was his intention, and that his silence argued nothing less than a design to depart from his right. Indeed the alliance which Edward formed with Flanders, his communications with the Lords of Guienne, and other measures which he took, are sufficient evidence that he meditated some grand design, and this was no other than the recovery of his mother's right, the kingdom of France.

All this is necessary to be kept in mind, because we might otherwise be startled at seeing this very Prince doing homage to Philip, some time after, for his provinces in France.

Edward was summoned to appear and do homage in person. In his present disposition he would have gladly been excused from paying homage to a Prince, whom he considered as an usurper of his right. But his council, reflecting on his youth, and the state of the kingdom, could not think of approving a refusal which probably would throw him into great difficulty. On the other hand, the Queen (his mother), and the Earl of March did all that lay in their power to prevent a quarrel

rel with Philip: but these remonstrances would perhaps have had little weight with him, if, for his satisfaction, there had not been devised an expedient, unbecoming indeed the sincerity Kings ought to profess, but which his youth and passion permitted him not to examine too nicely. It was suggested to him, that by protesting beforehand against the homage, it would be no detriment to his claim. Pursuant to this advice, he made, by a Procurator, the following protestation before his council:—"That for any homage whatever to be made to the Lord Philip de Valois (now bearing himself a King of France) by King Edward of England, for the Dukedom of Guienne and Earldom of Ponthieu, he did not thereby intend to renounce his HEREDITARY RIGHT to the realm of France, or any ways derogate from the same; even though letters thereupon should be signed with either of his seals." And he did farther protest, "That he would not do any homage to the Lord Philip of his own free will, but only for the just fear he had of losing the said Duchy and Earldom, and because he was afraid he could not avoid other great dangers and irreparable losses."

How great soever Edward's unwillingness was to do this homage, the consequences whereof he so much dreaded, he resolved upon it, for fear of making known by his refusal, a design which it was not yet proper to discover. To make himself amends, in some measure, for the mortifying step he was forced to, he ordered a great number of Lords to attend him, and with a very splendid equipage, and a retinue of a thousand horse, came to Amiens, where Philip expected him. On the day appointed for doing his homage, he appeared before the King of France in a robe of crimson velvet, embroidered with leopards of gold,† his crown upon his head, his sword by his side, and gold spurs on his heels. The * King of France received him sitting on his throne, his crown on his head, his sceptre in his hand, and a robe of blue velvet, powdered of fleur-de-lis of gold.

* King Philip died in 1350, and was succeeded by his son, John de Valois, who was taken prisoner by the English at the battle of Poictiers in 1356.

† The English Kings used to have leopards in their quarterings instead of lions.

gold. By him were the Kings of Navarre, Majorca, and Bohemia.—(*Rapin's Hist. of England—Speed*).

NOTE 20.]—Thomas Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, attended King Edward in his wars in Scotland and in France, and was present and did him great service in the famous sea-fight in 1340. At the famous battle of Cresсy he commanded the van of the English army, and afterwards, for the great services he performed at the siege of Calais, he had a thousand marks a-year granted him during life. He was present after this in the famous battle of Poictiers, where the King of France was taken prisoner, and where the Earl fought so long, that his hand was extremely galled with using his sword and pole-axe; but he had the good fortune to take prisoner William de Meleun, Archbishop of Seinz, for whom he received as a ransom eight thousand pounds. He attended Edward the Black Prince in several campaigns after this, and in the year 1360 he passed through France, with a train of six hundred horses in his passage to the East, where he made war against the Infidels for three years, and at his return into England brought with him the son of the Prince of Lithuania (Portugal), who was christened at London by the name of Thomas, the Earl being his godfather. This noble Earl and his brother John were two of the first Knights of the Garter, and we find that he continued in high favour with the Sovereign, and in the exercise of his military virtues to the time of his decease, which happened on November 13, 1369, of the plague, at the time he commanded the King's army in France. He had by his Countess, Catherine, daughter of Roger, Earl of March, five sons and nine daughters. His eldest son, Guy, died in his life-time. Seven of his daughters married into the greatest families in the kingdom.—(*Biographia Britannica*).

NOTE 21.]—Guy, the Saxon Earl of Warwick, whose main story, however it may be mixed with the marvellous, has gained, and still continues to gain belief, is said to have lived and performed his wondrous exploits in the reign of Athelstan, in the æra 938.

The fame of this valorous Knight extended all over Europe, and passed to Asia, for we read in the Baron-

age of England, vol. 1, part of a story from the memoirs of John Rous, the historian of the Warwick family. Speaking of Richard de Beauchamp, born 1381, he says —"At the time of his being at Jerusalem a noble person, called Baltredam (the Sultan's lieutenant), hearing that he was descended from the famous Guy of Warwick, whose story they had in books of their own language, invited him to his own palace, and royally feasted him, presented him with three precious stones of great value, besides divers cloths of silk and gold given to his servants."

The story of Guy Earl of Warwick was wrought in a suit of arras, and presented by King Richard II. to his half-brother, Thomas, Earl of Surrey.

For the mention of Guy as the conqueror of the Danish giant, *vide Speed—History of Battles and Sieges.*

NOTE 22.]—The Order of the Garter was instituted (probably revived) by King Edward III. in 1344, under the title of the "*Sovereign and Knights-Companions of the Most Noble Order of the Garter.*"

This order consists of twenty-six Knights, or Companions, generally Peers or Princes; whereof the King of England is the Sovereign or Chief.

They wear a garter, set with pearls and precious stones, on the left leg, between the knee and calf, with this motto: "Honi soit qui mal y pense": and they bear this motto surrounding their arms. The meaning of which motto is said to be, that King Edward having laid claim to the kingdom of France, retorted shame and defiance upon him that should dare to think amiss of the just enterprize he had undertaken for recovering his lawful right to that crown; and that the bravery of those Knights whom he had elected into this Order was such as would enable him to maintain the quarrel against those who thought ill of it.

The Order is under the patronage of St. George, the tutelar Saint of this kingdom. Their college is held at the castle of Windsor, within the chapel of St. George, and the chapter-house erected by the founder for that purpose. Their robes, &c. are the *Garter*, decked with gold and gems, and a buckle of gold to be worn daily; and at feasts and solemnities a sur-coat, mantle, high velvet

velvet cap, collar of SS's composed of roses enamelled, &c.

The Order of the *Garter* appears the most ancient and noble lay order in the world It is prior to the French Order of St. Michael, by 50 years; to that of the Golden Fleece, by 80 years; to that of St. Andrew, by 190 years; and to that of the Elephant, by 209 years.

Since its institution there have been eight Emperors and twenty-seven or twenty-eight foreign Kings, beside numerous Sovereign Princes, enrolled as Companions thereof.—(*Chambers's Cyclopædia.* For the origin of the Garter see note 45.)

NOTE 23.]—Edward III. being of necessity so martial a Prince, would naturally draw in his train all the nobles and aspiring youth of the kingdom whether he moved towards Scotland in defence of his frontiers, or towards the interior of France in pursuit of his right.

In order to encourage still further the illustrious chiefs that assisted in his battles, and raised the fame of England to a height unknown before, he bestowed, with a munificent hand, grants of land and money; and (which touched more keenly the young breasts of those times) he gave honours which were especially reserved as the reward of military skill.

These consisted in knighthood, either as relating to a high order in the Garter, or as the word was then understood to mean a mark of rank given to him who had distinguished himself by martial prowess.

This kind of knighthood is very ancient among us; for we have an instance of King Alfred conferring this order on his son Athelstan.—(*William of Malmsbury*).

Edward the Black Prince was knighted by his father immediately upon his landing in France the same year as the battle of Crescy, and the English King desires the young Prince, by his messenger, in the heat of the battle (Collins, p. 14), to win his spurs, and deserve the honour of knighthood that he had so lately conferred on him. If it was esteemed an honour conferred on a Prince and heir to the throne, we may well suppose it to have been considered highly by others. Thus, on the morning that Crescy was fought King Edward

knighted fifty young gentlemen of noble birth.—(*Collins's Life B. P.* p. 10. See *Chambers's Cyclopædia*).

NOTE 24.]—Roger Bacon, the ornament and the prodigy of the 13th century, was educated at Oxford, and discovered from his earliest years so extraordinary a genius for the sciences, as to gain him the favour and protection of the most learned men of his time, and to excite the astonishment and admiration of succeeding ages.

1. He was a perfect master of the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and has left posterity such indubitable marks of critical skill in them, as might have secured him a very high character, more especially considering the age in which he lived, if he had not distinguished himself in any other branch of literature.

2. In all branches of the mathematics he was wonderfully well versed, and there is scarcely any part of them on which he has not written with a solidity and clearness which have been deservedly admired by the greatest masters in that kind of science.

3. In respect to mechanics particularly, the learned Doctor Freind says, very justly, that a greater genius had not arisen since the days of Archimedes.

4. He understood likewise the whole science of optics to a surprising degree of accuracy and exactness. *

5. In geography also he was admirably well skilled as appears from a variety of passages in his works, which shew that he was far better acquainted with the situation, extent, and inhabitants, even of the most distant countries, than many who made that particular science their study, and wrote upon it in succeeding times.

6. But

* Reading glasses, burning glasses, the camera obscura, and all sorts of glasses which magnify or diminish any object, bring it nearer to the eye, or remove it farther off, the telescope (however this last might be improved by Galileo), were all invented by Roger Bacon, who himself says, in one of his treatises: —"Glasses may be so figured that things the most remote may appear near, so that at an incredible distance we may read the smallest character, and number things though never so small; and lastly, make stars appear as near as we please."—(Vide Dr. Plott's note, *Biographia Britannica*, to prove that Bacon was either the inventor or improver of the telescope.)

6. But his skill in astronomy was still more amazing, since it plainly appears, that he not only pointed out that error which occasioned the reformation in the calendar, that has given rise to the distinction between the old style and the new, but also offered a much more effectual and perfect reformation, than that which was made in the time of Pope Gregory XIII.

7. There are remaining some works of his relating to chronology; and he has treated of the four great empires of the world in his great work addressed to Pope Clement IV. with great accuracy.

8. He was thoroughly acquainted with chemistry, at a time that it was scarcely known in Europe, though it had been long cultivated among the Arabians, and in this art three capital discoveries were made by him. The invention of gunpowder; alchemy, or the art of transmuting metals; and the tincture of gold for the prolongation of life.

9. In physic he was far from being unskilled, as appears in his Treatise of Old Age, and other of his works.

10. In logic and metaphysics he was excellently well versed, as is shewn in those parts of his writings in which he has treated of these subjects. Neither was he unskilled in philology and the politer parts of learning.

11. In ethics or moral philosophy he was a very great master; and as he was a man of good sense and unblemished probity, so he has laid down the noblest and most generous principles for the conduct of human life, in the treatise he has left us upon that subject.

12. But as his profession and course of life required a particular application to theology, so it plainly appears that he made all his other studies subservient thereto, and directed both his actions and writings to the glory of God and the good of his fellow creatures.—(*Biographia Britannica*, vol. i).

NOTE 25.]—England has at all times, even in its rudest state, been possessed of a breed of horses sufficient to answer every necessary purpose. The venerable Bede says, that the English began to use saddle-horses about the year 631, when prelates and others rode on

horeback, who till that time were accustomed to walk. In the reign of Athelstan the English became so jealous of their horses, which were also held in high esteem by foreigners, that a law was made by that Monarch to prohibit the exportation of them, unless they were designed for presents.

With regard to the larger breed of horses, no country in the world can bring a parallel to the size and strength of our (English) horses destined for the draught. In London there are instances of single horses that are able to draw, on a plain, for a small space, the weight of three tons, and which can with ease and for continuance, draw half that weight. But the most remarkable proof of the strength of our British horses, is derived from that of our *mill*-horses. some of which will, at one load, carry thirteen measures, which, at a moderate computation of seventy pounds each, will amount to nine hundred and ten pounds.—(*Chambers's Cyclopœdia*, vol. ii).

Note 26.]—The first mention which I have happened to meet with of the old Welch instrument sent herewith is in Leland's Collectanea (where, amongst some Latin words, for which he gives the Saxon appellations) liticen is rendered cruth. This agrees almost in so many letters with the Welch instrument called a crûth, by which name it is still known in many parts of North Wales.

There is indeed a representation of an instrument, which bears an almost exact resemblance to the Welch crûth, amongst the outside ornaments of the Abbey of Melross, in Scotland, which, to the best of my recollection, is supposed to have been built about the time of Edward II.

This Welch instrument seems to have been the origin of the violin, which was not commonly known in England till the reign of Charles I.

The bow used in playing upon this instrument is rather an aukward one, much resembling that which they sell in the shops for tenor fiddles.

The bows indeed of all this kind of instruments are become considerably longer than they used to be, within

within these twenty years; an improvement which we owe amongst many others to the celebrated Tartini.

The chief reason of my having sent this ancient instrument, called a crûth, to the Society for their inspection is, that it is now, perhaps, on the very point of being entirely lost, as there is but one person in the whole principality who can play upon it.

His name is John Morgan, of Newburgh, in the island of Anglesey, who is now fifty-nine years of age, so that the instrument will probably die with him in a few years.—(*Hon. Daines Barrington on Instruments used in Wales—Archæologia*, vol. iii).

Note 27.]—Few will concur with Dr. Pettingal in his opinion, that St. George was no more than an allegorical Saint*; because it is so extremely difficult, and even impossible to suppose, that the *Franks*, or the western christians, who, for the most part, were very ignorant and illiterate men, when they were in the east, where they heard so much of this Cappadocian Saint and soldier, and of his martyrdom, should ever think of viewing him, his miracles, and exploits, in a figurative and emblematical light. We may depend upon it, that though at this distance of time, we can recover so few particulars of St. George's story, and can arrive at so little certainty about the circumstances of it, yet, the adventurers in the Crusades undoubtedly regarded him as a real person, a most glorious and illustrious martyr. They found his name in the calendars; they met with various places denominated from him; they frequented his tomb; they heard him invoked, and heard much of his apparitions; they saw churches and monasteries dedicated to him, and even received, as they thought, seasonable and special assistance from Heaven, through his mediation; and lastly, not to mention his reliques, they could not but observe proper services appointed for him in the Greek and Roman liturgies. After all which, it is not possible that our an-

 cestors,

* Yet this is more honourable than deducing the original and the name of the saint, as some of the learned do, from George the heretical Arian Bishop of Alexandria, an infamous profligate, torn in pieces by the heathen on account of his scandalous and intolerable oppressions of the people.

cestors, on their return from the east, and in particular in the reign of King Edward the Third, should deem of him otherwise, than as having been once a true man, and more than an ideal figment of the brain. Whence Mr. Selden writes, and with great judgment and propriety: "That the many and ancient dedications of churches to him, old relations of his miracles and apparitions, the peculiar liturgies and festivals in both churches, Greek and Latin, belonging to him, and divers other particulars before-mentioned or designed of him (his being a martyr having been never, before this age, questioned) may supply the full weight of the best ecclesiastical story that could have been left of him." Indeed, this excellent scholar and antiquary was fully convinced, upon the strictest inquiry, of the existence of St. George, both as a man and a martyr; and the same may be said of Sir Walter Raleigh, Doctor Keylin, and Doctor Fuller, the latter of whom, rejecting the allegorical sense some would put on St. George's story, observes the improbability of the English nation choosing a fictitious saint for their patron, when the world abounds with so many real ones. Dr. Keylin, who has handled the argument most copiously, has shewn that authors of all ages, from Eusebius Cæsariensis, A. 326, to Hen. Oracus, A. 1600. have acknowledged the reality of our saint and martyr.—(*Mr. Pegge on the History of St George. Archæologia*, vol. v.)

Note 28.]—King Edward III. having so much at heart the success of his foreign wars, would not withhold from his representative or chief governor of Aquitain, who was no less than his own (as he expresses himself in his letters patent) "most beloved son," the power to confer any dignity or honour. I must suppose, therefore, that the Black Prince, from the time of his being invested with the Duchy, had the liberty to give knighthood: especially too, as on his accession to the principality of Aquitain, several years after he took the title of duke, we find it expressly mentioned in the charter, among other royal privileges, "that he shall at his pleasure ennoble persons ignoble." Collins's Life B. P. p. 172), and of course, by the same authority,

authority, give honours to those whose birth already distinguished them.

NOTE 29.]—Edward III. was extremely anxious in all matters relating to the trade of England, but of no branch so much as of wool. It is generally thought that until his reign the finest English wool was sent to Flanders to be manufactured, and that he was the first monarch who encouraged weavers; but these artificers were known in England long before, for Henry II. in the 31st year of his reign, A.D. 1186, granted a patent to the weavers of London, importing, that if any cloth were found to be made of Spanish wool mixed with English wool, the mayor of London should see it burnt. (*Chambers*, vol. iv.)

But Edward removed the staple that had been set up in Flanders into England; gave vast encouragement to all workmen, whether foreigners or natives; granted large privileges to them in companies, and neglected no means of increasing and improving the staple* manufacture of the commodities of the kingdom.—(*Speed—Chambers—Rapin.*)

NOTE 30.]—Mr. Pegge, speaking of an ancient gold ring, says—This noble jewel was at first thought to have been the property and ornament of King Athelstan, especially as it was generally known that artificers in gold and enamel were in his time uncommonly excellent in this island.

I am not aware of any reasonable objection that can be raised against this appropriation; unless any body should fancy there were no artists here in Bishop Alhstan's time capable of executing so elegant a piece of work. King Alfred, it may be urged from Asser Menevensis, had, indeed, some expert jewellers, and wanted not materials; and there is extant a valuable remain of his, a specimen of most curious workmanship. If it be asked what evidence there is that before his reign there were any good workmen here? I answer, it is plain, from the passage of Asserius here

* Staple signifies this or that town, whither the merchants of England were, by Act of Parliament, to carry their wool, cloth, lead, and tin.—(*Rapin.*)

referred to, that the goldsmiths there spoken of were already in the island, and that Alfred only caused them to exert themselves by the encouragement he gave them, the notice he took of them, and the instructions or perhaps designs which he furnished them with.

It appears, from venerable Bede, that Oswald, King of Northumberland, was served in silver at his table on high festivals; and on one occasion, as the story has it, being informed by his almoner that a multitude of poor people attended in the streets for his alms, he ordered the victuals to be carried out, and the dish to be broken in pieces and distributed among them.* This was before A.D. 642; and soon after we read that Wilfred, Archbishop of York, was master of a great quantity both of plate and jewels. Malmsbury reports he was served in gold and silver; this prelate caused the scriptures to be richly bound with gold and precious stones. Indeed, books, the sacred ones especially, had their coverings often ornamented in these ages with gold, silver, and gems; the former were in plates, but the last must of course be set. Alcuin, ver. 297, the story of the dish is mentioned; and the silver shrine also of King Oswald, at Bamborough, containing his arms, ver. 306. King Offa greatly enriched the shrine of King Oswald at Bardney.—(Illustration of gold enamelled ring, &c. with some account of the state and condition of the Saxon jewelry in the more early ages, by Mr. Samuel Pegge: *Archæologia*, vol. iv.)

Notes 31 and 32.]—Part of the ceremony of the coronation of Knute and his Queen Elfgiva is painted at the beginning of a very curious coæval-manuscript, formerly belonging to Hyde Abbey, of which Knute was the founder. The conquest of England by William the Norman, together with the circumstances that contributed thereunto, from the first embassy on which Harold went into Normandy, until the conclusion of the battle of Hastings, was, by command of Queen Matilda, represented in painting; and afterwards, by her own hands and the assistance of the ladies of her court worked in arras, and presented to the cathedral at Bajeux, where it is still preserved.

Simeon

* Beda, iii. c. 6.

Simeon IX. Abbot of Ely, who was a near relation to the Conqueror, and founder of that cathedral, caused the history of Saint Etheldreda, daughter of Anna, King of the East Angles, to be carved in basso-relievo on the capitals of the eight pillars that support the dome and lantern. King Henry III. who, throughout the course of his long reign, shewed his great regard to the liberal arts, and entertained and encouraged their professors, frequently commanded that his palaces and chapels should be adorned with English historical paintings and sculptures.

Although that monarch doth not mention what were the subjects of those historical pieces which he ordered to be painted in his Queen's chamber at Winchester, yet he is more explicit as to others, which were the effects of his royal mandate, such as the histories of the two royal saints, Edmund and Edward, which were painted in his round chapel at Woodstock; the history of the crusade in the King's great chamber within the tower of London, and in a low room in the garden, near his jewry at Westminster, which last-mentioned room, on account of its being so decorated, was thenceforth to be called the Antioch chamber; the story of Edward the confessor taking off his ring and giving it to a poor stranger, painted in St. John's chapel, within the Tower of London, and in the Queen's chapel at Winchester; and the life of King Edward the Confessor, both in painting and sculpture, round his chapel in Westminster Abbey, executed by the hand of Peter Cavalini.

Many parts of our English story are represented in the illuminations which adorn that copy of Matthew Paris which he presented to King Henry III. Langton, Bishop of Lichfield, caused the coronation, marriages, wars, and funeral of his patron, King Edward I. to be painted in the hall of his episcopal palace, which he had newly built. The story of Guy, Earl of Warwick, was wrought in a suit of arras, and presented by King Richard II. to his half-brother, Thomas Earl of Surrey; and the history of the latter part of the reign of that unfortunate King was, by one of his courtiers, represented with great accuracy in sixteen paintings, which

adorn a manuscript presented to his Queen, and now in the British Museum. Many other instances might likewise be produced.—(Sir Joseph Ayloffe's historical description of an ancient picture in Windsor-castle: *Archæologia*, vol. iii.—See also the notes in the second volume of this work.)

NOTE 33.]—The ancient Britons were a tall finely proportioned race, and the women fair and of exceeding good features. Plutarch says the strength of nature wrought long in the Britons, for they sometimes lived to the age of 120 years.—(*Speed*, book v.)

"Their strength was very great," (says a Roman of the Britons); "their horses are but little, yet therewithal swift of pace; their footmen, also, run very speedily, but in their standing are the strongest: their armour are shields and short speares, in the nether end whereof is fastened a round belle of brasse, like unto a ball, which, at the first onset of encounter, they shake with great courage."—(*Speed*, book v.)

"The ancient Saxon tribe were a people," says Tacitus, "well set, sterne of countenance, tall of stature, gray-eyed, and of a firie aspect, and their haire yellow." Unto whom Witichinders, the monk, addeth and saith, that "They were faire of complexion, cheerefull of countenance, very comely of stature, and their limbes to their bodies well proportioned; bold of courage, hardy in fight, and very ambitious of glory."—(*Speed*, book vii.)

Courage is a quality that seems to be congenial to the English nation. Boys, before they can speak, discover that they know the proper guards in boxing with their fists; a quality that, perhaps, is peculiar to the English, and is seconded by a strength of arm that few other people can exert. This gives the English soldier an infinite superiority in all battles that are to be decided by the bayonet screwed upon the musket. The English courage has, likewise, the property, under able commanders, of being equally passive as active.—(*Guthrie*, p. 212.)

The daringness of the soldier, the profoundness of the scholar, the magnificence of the gentry, and the robustness

bustness of the labourer, are not surpassed, if equalled, by any people in the world.

Good-nature is a qualification peculiar to the English, so peculiar that, as a noble writer observes, there is no word for it in any other language.

The British women are not without vanity, pretensions to satire, and the like; which vices they have borrowed from their neighbours the French: but no women outdo them in modesty, patience, charity, providential care, temperance, wit, good humour, cleanliness, and that which crowns all the rest, is the sincerity and zeal of religious devotion.

The common people will endure long and hard labour, insomuch that, after twelve hours hard work, they will go in the evening to foot-ball, cricket, prisonbase, wrestling, cudgel-playing, or some such-like vehement exercise for their recreation.—(*Chamberlayne's Great Britain*, p. 34, Ed. 1735.)

Note 34.]—The Fowey river was, in former times, deep enough to admit of ships anchoring close to the town of Lestwithiel; but it is now choaked with sand. —(*Brooks' Gazetteer.*)

Note 35.]—Charles, King of Navarre, surnamed the Wicked. He was descended from males of the blood royal of France, and the grandson, by his daughter, of Lewis the Boisterous; he had espoused Joanna, the daughter of John: but these ties, which ought to have induced him to support, only animated his efforts to overthrow the throne. His personal qualities were the admiration of France and Navarre; he was courteous, affable, enterprising and eloquent, insinuating in his address, and enterprising in his designs; but reverse the portrait, and he was faithless, revengeful, and malicious; insatiate of power, and unrestrained by principle.—Page 374.—(*History of France:* London, 1790.)

Note 36.]—The diversion of hawking, sporting with the hawk, we may suppose to have been known in very ancient times, as "an hundred hawks with fluttering wing" are mentioned in Ossian, as a gift. But it is certain that in the Saxon times falconry was well under-

understood. The great Alfred is said to have been, at twelve years of age, a most expert and active hunter; and Edward the Confessor's fondness for the exercises of hunting and hawking is described by his historian. (See Dr. *Henry*, 598.) The figure of a hawk upon the left hand was the mark by which the painters of those times distinguished persons of high rank, of both sexes, from their inferiors; which is a sufficient proof that their fondness for, and frequent use of that bird was universally known. So great a value did the princes and nobility of Europe in this period set upon their hawks, that they constantly carried them in all their journies, and sometimes into battle, and would not part with them even to procure their own liberty. The truth is, to resign his hawk was one of the most dishonourable actions of which a nobleman could be guilty, and was considered as a voluntary resignation of his nobility.—(Page 599.)

In the ancient laws of the Kings of Wales there were registered twenty-four great officers; of which sixteen belonged to the King and eight to the Queen. The fourth in rank is the penhebogydd, or master of the hawks; he sat in the fourth place from the King at the royal table; but was permitted to drink no more than three times, that he might not be intoxicated and neglect his birds. He had the care and management of all the King's hawks, and the direction of all the people employed in the royal sport of hawking. When he had been at any time remarkably successful in his sport, the King was obliged, by law and custom, to pay him the most distinguishing honours; to rise up to receive him when he entered the hall, and even, on some occasions, to hold his stirrup when he alighted from his horse.—(*Dr. Henry's England*, p. 271.)

Edward III. in the midst of mighty preparations for war, and even whilst laying siege to Rheims, had with him (says Collins, p. 126), besides all kinds of comforts and resources, "thirty falconers on horseback, with hawks; and sixty couple of hounds, and as many greyhounds, besides those hawks and hounds which his sons and the chief of the nobility had; so that they hawked and hunted at their pleasure."

The

The Grand Seignior usually keeps six thousand falconers in his service.

NOTE 37.]—Princes of the blood were, in the fourteenth century, styled "My Lord," in addressing them or speaking of them, as we see in the two letters of a man of rank, given at length in *Collins's Life of the Black Prince*, p. 49—54.

The title of *Grace* was first given to the King about the time of Henry IV.; to Henry VI. *Excellent Grace*; to Edward IV. *High and Mighty Prince*; to Henry VII. sometimes *Grace*, and sometimes *Highness*; then *Majesty*; and now *Sacred Majesty*, or *Most Excellent Majesty*.—(*Chamberlayne's Great Britain*, p. 43.)

NOTE 38.]—That the Britons, in Roman times, were great artists in building, and had numerous workmen, we have a signal proof; since about the time of our Emperor Carausius they were forced, in Gaul, to send for masons into Britain, to rebuild their cities and public buildings, destroyed by the frequent irruptions of the Franks and other German nations.

Edward III. about 1547, builded to the use of St. Stephen's chapel (though out of the palace court), some distance west in the Little Sanctuary, a chlochard (clochere) of stone and timber, covered with lead, and placed therein three bells; about the biggest of which was written,

> King Edward made me
> Thirty thousand and three:
> Take me down and wey me,
> And more shall ye find me.

Thus Stow—And 'tis still called the belfry.—(Dr. Stukeley on the Sanctuary at Westminster: *Archæologia*, vol. i.)

The naming of bells, together with the benediction, as a defensative against thunder and lightning, being introduced in this period (the 10th century) by Pope John XIV. Turketil cast a great bell, which he called Guthlac. His successor taking the hint, added some more to it, and made the first tuneable ring of bells in England.—*Ingulphus.*—*Rapin*, p. 116.

Bells were used by the Romans to signify the times of

of bathing; and naturally applied by the Christians of Italy, therefore, to denote the hours of devotion, and summon the people to church. They were so applied before the conclusion of the seventh century in the monastical societies of Northumbria; and as early as the sixth even in those of Caledonia. And they were, therefore, used from the first erection of parish churches among us. Those of France and England appear to have been furnished with several bells, as Egbert, in his second excursion, about the year 750, commands every priest, at the proper hours, to sound the bells of his church. The custom of ringing regular peals, now peculiar to the inhabitants of England, commenced in the time of the Saxons, and was common before the conquest.—(*Whitaker's History of Manchester*, vol. ii. p. 416, 417.)

NOTE 39.]—The falcon is a noble bird of prey, of the hawk kind, much esteemed for its strength and activity. The name falcon is restrained to the female; for, as to the male, it is much smaller, weaker, and less courageous than the female.

The act of hawking, or training up birds of prey to chase wild fowl and game, is very intricate in its terms, and requires much attention. Several writers have treated the subject fully.—(See *Chambers.*)

The falcon used always to be hooded with a leathern cap when not on duty, and on her legs were buttoned small bells, that the falconer might hear her every movement. When she escaped from her feeder and would not return, she was said to bear away the bells.

NOTE 40.]—We find cranes used at the table as early as the Norman Conquest, for Eudo (says Sir William Dugdale) "*personally attending at court, it so happened, that William Fitz Osborne, then steward of the household, had set before the King the flesh of a crane scarce half rosted, &c.*"

We meet with them also as low as the reign of King Henry VIII. for, when the French ambassadors came to England, A.D. 1527, the citizens of London presented them (*inter alia, i.e.* amongst other things) with 12 swans, 12 cranes, 12 fesantz, &c.

In

In the order of a feast royal made by Cardinal Wolsey, there was to be at the first course, "heronsewe, or bitter;" and at the second, "crane rostyd, &c." And in the inventory of Serjeant Kebeel, 1500, which was not long before, viz. in the reign of Henry VII. three cranes alive were valued at five shillings; which accords very well with the price of them in the Duke of Northumberland's MS. household-book, 1512, where they are directed, as I am informed, against Christmas, and other principal feasts, to be bought in, for the then Earl of Northumberland's own mess, at sixteen pence a piece, and, as I suppose, when dead.

As to the intermediate time between the Norman Conquest and the reign of Henry VIII. it appears from Mr. Bateley's Appendix to *Somner's Antiquities of Canterbury*, p. 29, that, at the great inthronization feast of George Nevil, Archbishop of York, 6th of Edward IV. there were 204 cranes, 204 bittors, and 400 heronshaws.

In the Harleian MSS. No. 4016, purveyance is made for King Richard II. being with the Duke of Lancaster, at the Bishop of Durham's palace at London, 22d September, 11 Richard II. of 5 herons and bitours, 12 cranes; and the second course consisted of a pottage, pigs rostid, cranes rostid, pheasants rostid, herons rostid, &c.

How they were caught in England I cannot pretend to say. It is said they were formerly an object for the hawk; and we know that in Italy they were caught in snares; however, they were certainly taken here, and not imported; for Mr. Pennant writes,

"This species (the crane) was placed, in the folio edition of the zoology, among the British birds, on the authority of Mr. Ray, who informs us that in his time they were found during the winter in large flocks in Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire; but, on the strictest enquiry we learn that at present the inhabitants of those counties are entirely unacquainted with them; we, therefore, conclude that these birds have forsaken our island. They were formerly in high esteem at our tables, for the delicacy of their flesh (I suppose at great tables, and on great occasions); for they feed only on grain,

grain, herbs, or insects; so have nothing of the rankness of the piscivorous birds of this genus. Though this species seems to have forsaken these islands at present, yet it was formerly a native, as we find in Willoughby, p. 52, that there was a penalty of twenty pence for destroying an egg of this bird; and Turner relates that he has very often seen their young ones in our marshes." —(Mr. Samuel Pegge's Dissertation on the Crane, &c. *Archæologia*, vol. ii.)

Note 41.]—I conceive, then, that it might be about A.D. 280, that licence for planting vineyards was granted to the provincials. The licence, it seems, was very general, for the Panonii and the Moesi, as well as the Gauls, the Spaniards, and the Britons, partook of it.*

Thus it may be supposed the Britons began to plant vines in this island soon after the year 280; and, accordingly Bede, who finished his history A.D. 731, writes expressly, in his description of Britain, "*Vineas etiam quibusdam in locis germinant*;" also they produced vines in some places; which account is also inserted from him in Ralph Higden's Polychronicon, and in Richard of Cirencester. The acquiescence of Ralph in this case is of weight, because he well knew what he assented to, since, when he comes to Bede's assertion in respect of Ireland, he then contradicts him.

It is most natural to suppose that the propagation of the vine would be first attempted in the southern parts of the island, both on account of the climate's being there the warmest, and their proximity to Gaul, from whence, in all probability, the plants would be first brought.

* Aur. Vict. Caes. cap. 37th Epitome, cap. 37th, Eutrop. 9th, cap. 17. And he, (Probus) making use of the hands and labour of the soldiers, planted Mount Almus, or Alma, (*a*) near Sirmium, and Mount Aureus, in the Upper Moesia, with vinos; and then it follows in Eutropius, by a very general and comprehensive expression, "*Et provincialibus colenda (vineas) dedit*," —and he granted to the provincials a licence for planting vineyards."

(*a*) So the MS. of Eutropius, in the public library at Cambridge; and see Vinetus ad loc.; see also Victor in Epitome, Vopiscus, and Cellarius i. page 356.

brought. Thus Winchester and its environs were formerly famous for vines, as appears from the old verses cited by Mr. Somner. The testimony of John Twyne, in his commentary, who supposes the city of Winchester to have taken its name from hence, is very ample and express. Mr. Somner conjectures, that the street at Canterbury called Winecheape might, perhaps, take its name, from being a market for wines. However, he elsewhere informs us, that in the time of Henry de Eastry, prior of Canterbury, A.D. 1285, seq. that church, as well as the abbey of St. Augustin's there, was plentifully furnished with vineyards, as at Colton, Berton, St. Martin's, Chertham, Brook, and Hollingbourn, all manors belonging to that house, and all situate in Kent.

At Rochester, a large piece of ground adjoining to the city is now called the vine; another there is so called, at Sevenokes, in Kent; and this also was the name of the seat of the Barons Sandes, now extinct, in Hampshire; on occasion of the mention of this last place, Mr. Camden observes, that we had vines in Britain ever since the times of Probus the Emperor; "for it was he who gave liberty to the Britains and others to have vines," agreeable to what has been delivered above. At Halling, near Rochester, the bishop of that see had formerly a vineyard, for, when Edward II. in his nineteenth year, was at Bockinfold, "Bishop Hamon sent him thither," as Mr. Lambarde tells us, "a present of his drinkes, and withal both wine and grapes of his own growth, in his vineyarde at Halling, which is now a good plaine meadowe." Captain Nicholas Toke, of Godington, in Great Chart, in Kent, "hath so industriously and elegantly," says Philipot, "cultivated and improved our English vines, that the wine pressed and extracted out of their grapes seems not only to parallel, but almost to out-rival that of France."

Vines have also come to tolerable perfection both in Oxfordshire and Staffordshire. "The vine," says Dr. Plott "has been improved by the Right Worshipful Sir Henry Lyttleton, to that advantage, at Over-Arley, which is situate low and warm, being surrounded with hills, that he has made wine so good there, that it has been

been altogether undistinguishable from the best French wines by the most judicious palates; but this, I suppose, was done only in some favourable over-hot summer; though, if the vines were placed advantageously, it is possible it might be done in an indifferent year; the Reverend and learned Dr. Ralph Bathurst, president of Trinity College, and dean of Wells, having made as good claret here at Oxon, A.D. 1685, which was a very mean year for that purpose, as one could wish to drink. Which is so far from wonder, that we are informed they planted vineyards and made wines antiently, over all the kingdom; for, though Tacitus says, it bore all sorts of fruits, *præteroleam et vitem*,* yet we find in Vopiscus, that the Emperor Probus, for some good service done, permitted the Britons to plant them vineyards, which had been no great favour, could they not have made wines."—(V.)

Many more passages relative to this subject might, no doubt, be collected together from the writings of our antiquaries, but these are all that occur to me at present; and, it is hoped, will be sufficient for the purpose; namely, to shew what Dr. Plot above observes, that the Britons made wines anciently over (almost) all the kingdom.—(Mr. Samuel Pegge on the Vine in Britain: *Archæologia*, vol. i.)

NOTE 42.]—It is asserted, only upon the authority of one writer, and this a Frenchman, that the English played upon the French with four pieces of cannon at the battle of Cresey; but most of our historians consider the assertion as too frivolous to merit attention, and wholly suppress it, or else argue the matter, to prove that the shame and humiliation of the French, in recording so wondrous a defeat, put them upon such an expedient to (in a measure) cover their own disgrace. Collins, who is exceedingly minute in every circumstance relating to the battle of Cresey, in which the darling Prince whose life he wrote was the hero, gives not the smallest hint of other means than those established in the wars of the thirteenth century.

NOTE

* Except oil and wine.

Note 43.]—Collins says that the Black Prince was knighted before the battle of Crescy, when he was sixteen years and twenty-seven days old.—(p. 7.)

Rapin declares the young Prince was about sixteen, but his translator asserts, in page 424, that the Prince of Wales was but thirteen years and a month when he made his first campaign. From the period of the battle of Crescy the French began to call the Prince of Wales "Le Neoir," or the Black Prince; and in a record 2 R. II. p. 12, he is called the Black Prince.—(*Collins.*)

Note 44.]—The generous soul of the Great Edward and his noble son were never so conspicuous as in those moments of high prosperity which are so intoxicating to ordinary minds. The prouder their victories, the more fervent were the piety, modesty, and forbearance of father and son.

Speed writes (p. 691), "Here there may be some controversie, whether the exemplary manhood of the English, or their singular pietie, were more to be commended; but who will not infinitely prefer the latter, chiefly in souldiers, among whom it is usually most wanting? Great was the victorie, great was their prowesse, and great the glory; but they, like true Christian knights and souldiers, forbare all boast, referring the whole thankes and honour of their preservation to God, the true author thereof."

King Edward managed this victory (Crescy) with as great moderation as he had shewed conduct in the obtaining it: he first embraced the Prince his son, and kissed him, saying, "Dear son, God give you grace to persevere as you have begun; you are my best son; you have acquitted yourself nobly, and truly deserve the crown for which we fought." But the Prince made no reply, only bowed almost to the ground. Then the King rendered thanks to God, whose aid he had implored at the beginning of the battle; and commanded that none should insult or boast of their success.—(*Collins's Life of the Black Prince*, p. 16.)

Note 45)—The origin of the order of the Garter is rather involved in obscurity, yet the story of the Countess of Salisbury is set aside by our antiquaries as fabulous.

Some

Some say that Edward III. ordered his garter to be displayed at Crescy as a signal of battle; in commemoration whereof he made a garter the principal ornament of the order erected in memory of this signal victory, and a symbol of the indissoluble union of the knights. But other writers observe that, though this order was instituted by Edward III. yet it had been projected before him by King Richard I. in his expedition to the Holy-land. It appears, from Rastel's Chronicle, book vi. quoted by Granger in the supplement to his Biographical History, that this order was devised by Richard I. at the siege of the city of Acres, when he caused twenty-six knights, who firmly stood by him, to wear thongs of blue leather about their legs; and that it was perfected in the 19th year of Edward III.—(*Speed—Chambers' Cyclopædia.*)

Note 46.]—It may be presumed that both the antient church dedicated to St. Paul, in London, and that dedicated to St. Peter, in Westminster, were among the earliest works of the first converts to Christianity in Britain. With their new religion they introduced a new manner of building, and their great aim seems to have been, by affecting loftiness and ornament, to bring the plain simplicity of the Pagan architects into contempt.

Historians, agreeable to the legend, have fixed the æra of the first abbey in the sixth century, and ascribed to Sebert the honour of conducting the work, and of compleating that part of it, at least, that now forms the the east angle, which, probably, was all that was included in the original plan.

In the reign of Edward the Confessor, the antient building was cleared away, and a most magnificent structure erected in its place. In the form it bore the figure of a cross, which afterwards became a pattern for cathedral building throughout the kingdom.

Henry III. not only pulled down and enlarged the plan of this antient abbey, but added a chapel, which he dedicated to the Blessed Virgin; but it was not till the reign of Henry VII. that the stately and magnificent chapel, now known by his name, was planned and executed.

executed. Of this chapel, the first stone was laid on the 24th of January, 1502, and, when completed, was dedicated, like the former chapel, to the Blessed Virgin. Henry designed this as a burying-place for himself and his successors, expressly enjoined by his will that none but those of the blood-royal, should be inhumed therein.—(*Historical Account of the Curiosities of London and Westminster.*)

NOTE 47.]—The old bridge of London was begun by King Henry II. and finished anno 1209, in the reign of King John. Chamberlayne writes, "for admirable workmanship, for vastness of foundation, for all dimensions, and for solid houses, and rich shops built thereon, it surpasseth all others in Europe: it has nineteen arches, founded in a deep broad river, and some say, on a soft oozy ground, eight hundred feet in length, sixty feet high, and thirty broad; hath a drawbridge almost in the middle and twenty feet between each arch.

The building of this bridge of London was an exceeding difficult and costly piece of work; and to those that consider the constant great flux and reflux at that place, it seems almost impossible to be done again."—(*Chamberlayne's Great Britain*, p. 252.)

NOTE 48.]—The celebrated piece of architecture, the Cathedral of St Paul, was first founded by Egbert, a Saxon King, A.D. 610, "in a place," saith Mr. Selden, "where had stood a Temple of Diana. Afterwards it was enlarged by Erkenwald, the fourth Bishop of this See. The greatest part was destroyed by fire, 1086, in a general conflagration of almost the whole city, and rebuilt by Mauritius, the thirty-fifth Bishop, but not finished till 1221. It was six hundred and ninety feet long, that is twenty more than St. Peter's in Rome. The nave, or body of the church, one hundred and two feet high, one hundred and thirty broad: its area, three acres and a half, its tower in the middle (for it was built as other cathedrals, cross-wise), five hundred and twenty feet high, besides a bowl of copper gilt, nine feet in compass; on which was a cross fifteen feet and a half high; and on that an eagle cock of copper

per gilt, four feet long."—(*Chamberlayne's Great Britain*, p. 216).

Note 49.]—The antient and magnificent City of London, was never more honoured or more proudly triumphant, every circumstance considered, than in the reign of Edward III. The Lord Mayor, who presided several times in it, was a generous and courtly knight. He feasted at his table four Kings (of England, France, Scotland, and Cyprus), and after the battle of Crescy, another Lord Mayor held a Tournament, which the King of England, the Black Prince, and all the Princes of the Blood, with the highest nobles, attended, bearing the city arms on their shields and surcoats: they held the field three days before a vast concourse of spectators, who knew not till afterwards, the high honour that had been done them.

The population of London and the adjacent parts, at this time must have been immense, for such multitudes assembled to witness the entry of the captive French King into London, that the solemnity of the cavalcade held from three o'clock of the morning till noon.

The riches and resources of the vast capital were amazing too, in this reign—for when the French royal captive made his entry, he was met by Sir Henry Picard, the Lord Mayor, and more than a thousand chief citizens, on horseback. (King John being clothed in royal apparel, was mounted on a large white courser, in token of sovereignty, and to be the more remarkable; the generous Prince of Wales riding by his side on a little black hobby, as one that industriously avoided all suspicion of triumphs.) They took their way over London Bridge, and rode directly to Westminster, and in the streets they passed, the citizens set to public view, their plate, tapestry, and wares, of different sorts; but especially they boasted of their warlike furniture, and exposed that day, in their shops, windows, and balconies, such an incredible quantity of bows and arrows, shields, helmets, corselets, breast, and back pieces, coats of mail, gauntlets, vambraces, swords, spears, battle-axes, harness for horses, and other

other armour, both offensive and defensive, that the like had never been seen in the memory of man.—(*Rapin; Speed; Chamberlayne; Collins's Life of the Black Prince.*)

NOTE 50.]—Near to the Abbey Church of Westminster stood the Royal Palace, and usual place of residence for the Kings of England, who ordinarily held their Parliament and all their Courts of Judicature in their dwelling houses (as was done at Paris, by the Kings of France, in the Isle de Nostre Dame, and is at this day at Madrid, by the King of Spain), and many times set themselves in the said courts of judicature, as they do still sometimes in their courts of Parliament. A great part of this spacious palace, was in the time of Henry VIII, destroyed by fire; what remaineth, hath been still employed for the use of the Lords and Commons assembled in Parliament, for the chief courts of judicature, and for the King's treasury. The Great Hall some say was built by William Rufus, others by Richard I or II, which, for all its dimensions, is not to be equalled by any hall in Christendom. It is, including the walls, just three hundred feet long, and one hundred broad; the height proportionable to its other ample dimensions, and the roof of Irish oak.—(*Chamberlayne*, p. 217.)

The Savoy palace was a vast building, first erected all of stone, by Peter Earl of Savoy and Richmond, uncle to Eleanor, wife to our King Henry III. who afterwards purchased the same for her son Edmund Duke of Lancaster; there were also, adjoining the palace, an ecclesiastical college and a chapel.—(*Chamberlayne's Great Britain*, p. 226.)

NOTE 51.]—The use of gloves is of great antiquity. Amongst other curious particulars relating to them in the Republic of Letters, vol. x. p. 289, are the following:—"Let us, then, be content to begin with the authority of Xenophon. He gives a clear and distinct account of gloves; speaking of the manners of the Persians, he gives us a proof of their effeminacy; that, not satisfied with covering their head and their feet, they

also guarded their hands against the cold with thick gloves. Homer, speaking of Laertes at work in his garden, represents him with *gloves on his hands, to secure them from the thorns.* Varro, an ancient writer, is an evidence in favour of their antiquity among the Romans. In lib. 2, cap. 55, de Re Rustica; he says, that olives gathered by the naked hand are preferable to those gathered with *gloves.*

"Pliny the younger informs us, in his account of his uncle's journey to Vesuvius, that his secretary sat by him, ready to write down whatever occurred remarkable; and that he had *gloves* on his hands, that the coldness of the weather might not impede his business.

"In the beginning of the ninth century, the use of gloves was become so universal, that even the church thought a regulation in that part of dress necessary. In the reign of *Lewis le Debonnaire,* the council of Aix ordered, that the monks should only wear *gloves* made of sheep-skin.

"To point out the various uses of *gloves* in the several ages; for, beside their original design for a covering of the hand, they have been employed on several great and solemn occasions; as in the ceremonies of *investitures,* in bestowing lands, or in conferring *dignities.* Giving possession by the delivery of a *glove* prevailed in several parts of Christendom in later ages.

"As the delivery of *gloves* was once a part of the ceremony used in giving possession; so the depriving a person of them was a mark of divesting him of his office and of degrading him. Andrew Herkley, Earl of Carlisle, was, in the reign of Edward II. impeached of holding a correspondence with the Scots, &c. Walsingham, relating other circumstances of his degradation, says, 'His spurs were cut off with a hatchet; and his *gloves* and shoes were taken off, &c.'

"Another use of *gloves* was in a duel; on which occasion he who threw one down was thereby understood to give defiance; and he who took it up, to accept the challenge.

"But, though such combats are now no longer in use, we have one ceremony still remaining among us,

which the challenge is given by a *glove*; viz. at the coronation of the Kings of England. Upon which occasion his Majesty's champion, completely armed and well mounted, enters Westminster-hall, and proclaims that, if any man shall deny the Prince's title to the crown, he is ready to maintain and defend it by single combat. After which declaration he throws down his *glove* or gauntlet, as a token of defiance.

"The last use of *gloves* to be mentioned here was for carrying the *hawk*, which is very ancient. In former times Princes and other great men took so much pleasure in carrying the hawk on their hand, that some of them have chosen to be represented in this attitude. There is a monument of Philip I. of France still remaining, on which he is represented at length on his tomb, holding a *glove* in his hand.

"Chambers informs us that it is not safe at present to enter the stables of princes without pulling off the *gloves*. He does not, indeed, tell us in what the danger consists. A friend from Germany explains the matter. He says it is an antient established custom in that country, that whoever enters the stables of a prince or great man with his *gloves* on his hands, is obliged to forfeit them, or redeem them by a fee to the servants.

"The same custom is observed in some places at the death of the stag; in which case the gloves, if not taken off, are redeemed by money given to the huntsmen and keepers. This is practised in France; and the late King never failed of pulling off one of his gloves on that occasion. The reason of this ceremony is not known.

"We meet with the term *glove-money* in our old records; by which is meant, money given to servants to buy *gloves*. This, no doubt, gave rise to the saying of *giving a pair of gloves*, to signify making a present for some favour or service.

"To the honour of the *glove* it has more than once been admitted as a term of the tenure or holding lands. One Bortran, who came with William the Conqueror, held the manor of Farnham Royal by the service of providing a *glove* for the King's right hand on the day of his coronation, and supporting the same hand that

day while the King held the royal sceptre. In the year 1177, Simon de Mertin gave a grant of his lands, in consideration of fifteen shillings, one pair of *white gloves* at Easter, and one pound of cummin.—(*Curiosities of Literature; on the Gauntlet, or Glove.*)

NOTE 52.]—There were in England two sorts of villains; a villain in gross, who was immediately bound to the person of his lord and his heirs; the other, a *villain regardant to a manor*, that is, belonging and being annexed to a manor. There are not truly any villains now, though the law concerning them stands unrepealed. The successors of the bond-men, or villains, are now copyholders.—*Rapin*, T.'s note, p. 151.)

NOTE 53.]—The father of the Franciscans, in Bourdeaux, informed me, that their own convent, which is very large, surrounding two vast courts, was founded by Henry III. King of England; that they had the original charter of donation in their possession, which was printed at large in the "*Historia Sacra*" of France.

He said it was dedicated to Edward the Confessor, and shewed me a small statue of him, in a niche over one of the doors of the cloister, under which were these words:—"*S. Edvardus Tvtelaris Ecclesiastius Conventus.*"

Upon a stone, lately pulled down in a part of the cloisters, they were new building, I observed the arms of France, "*Semée Fleur de Lis,*" quartered with the three lions of England; and upon another, a lion rampant, within a border charged with *Bezants*, the bearing of Richard, Earl of Cornwall, King of the Romans, brother to Henry III. On a third stone there were three escollops, the bearing I think, of A. P. Scales.

The church of this convent was built anno 1249, 33 Henry III. but there are no remains relating to the English in it; and their old books and writings having been long since destroyed I could gain no new light in relation to obits, and other memorandums of their English masters.

The same father shewed me a MS. book, wrote not long before the year 1600, entitled "*La Bourgeoisie de Bourdeaux.*" but I found little in it relating to my enquiries.

enquiries. In one part I met with a memorandum to this effect; that Jean de Greli, capital de Bouch, becoming owner of the house that was Puy Paulins, sold his ancient hotel to Edward, Prince of Wales and Duke of Aquitain, which he said the Prince bought on purpose for the residence of his lieutenants and governors of that province; to which purpose it was employed as long as Aquitain was the demesne of the crown of England. That Talbot was the last governer who lived in it, and left his name to the house; but when Aquitain was reduced to the power of France by Charles VII. all the arms, furniture, and other effects of the said Talbot were plundered and destroyed by the mob.

The front of this palace was standing in the memory of the person who wrote this manuscript; and he says it was an ornament to the street; for the gallery in the front, upon which were bas-relievos of men in armour fighting, was of exquisite workmanship.

Prince Edward, and the former governor of Aquitain before this purchase, used to reside in an ancient palace of Jean sans Terre, contiguous to the parish church of St. Simeon, which served as a chapel to it, but was very troublesome, by reason of the noise of the bells there; otherwise very agreeably situated, on the banks of the canal of the ancient Port St. Pier, by the course of the rivulet called Devisé, so much celebrated by Ausonius in his Burdigalia. But this canal being stopped up with sand, and becoming a common sewer, became very offensive; for which reason the Prince moved his lodgings to the archbishop's palace, and gave the said antient palace to the archbishop and his successors for ever; from whom it was alienated through many hands, and is now totally destroyed. In the aforesaid church of St. Simeon I observed one quarry of glass, at a very great height, with three lions on it, as borne by the Kings of England; and there is the same on a stone in the city-wall, near the garden of the Augustin friars; which are all the memorials of our nation I could meet with.

The same manuscript mentions, that when Charles

VII, conquered Aquitain and reduced Bourdeaux to his obedience, anno 1453, he changed the arms of the city, which were three leopards, gold, one above the other, by effacing the two uppermost, in their place substituted a chief azure *semée fleur de lis*, which they continue to bear to this day. There is no question, but at that time, all arms, inscriptions, or memorials, of the English, were purposely defaced, and all the coin that could be found called in, and melted down, to which, no doubt, is owing the great scarcity of any pieces struck by our Kings of England in their Aquitain dominions.—(*Smart Lethieullier, Esq. relating to some Antiquities at Bourdeaux, &c. Archæologia*, vol, i.)

Note 54.]—Extracts from a copy of Sir John Wingfield's letter, (written nine months before the battle of Poictiers), to a Lord then in England.

"My Lord,—As touching news in these parts, may it please you to understand, that all the Earls, Barons, Bannerets, Knights, and Esquires, were in health at the writing hereof; and my Lord (the Prince) hath not lost either Knight or Esquire in this expedition, except the Lord John Lisle, who was slain after a strange manner with a quarrel,* the third day after we were entered into our enemies country; he died the 15th of October.—And please you to understand, that my Lord hath rode through the country, and hath taken many inclosed towns, and burst and destroyed them, except such as he fortified for himself....."
(And here follows a long list of the conquered towns)
"And may it please you to understand, that our holy Father sent messengers to my Lord, who being not past seven leagues from him, sent a serjeant at arms, who was serjeant attendant at the door of our Holy Father's chamber, with letters to my Lord, requiring of him a safe conduct to come and declare to his Highness, their message from our Holy Father, which was to treat of an accommodation between my Lord and his adversary of France. But the serjeant was two

* *i. e.* a stone from a wall.—(*Ashmole*, p. 63.)

two days in the army, before my Lord would vouchsafe to see him, or receive his letters. The reason whereof was because he was informed, that the power of France was come forth of Toulouse towards Carcassone; where my Lord was obliged to turn back again upon them presently as he did. But the third day, when we expected to have met them, they, understanding of our approach, retired before day, and got them to the mountains, marching hastily towards Thoulouse..... As to the answer which my Lord returned to those that had been sent to treat with him, you would be hugely pleased, if you knew all the matter: for he would not suffer them by any means to approach his person any nearer; but he sent them word by their serjeant, *that, if they came to treat of any mattvr, they should send to the King his father*; for my Lord himself would not do any thing therein, but by command from my Lord, his father.

"But of my Lord's turning back to meet his enemies, of his repassing the river Garonne, and of his taking castles and towns in this expedition, and of other things done against his enemies in pursuit of them, they were all deeds right worthy and honourable to be told, as Sir Richard Stafford and Sir William Burton can more plainly declare, than I can write unto you; for it would be too tedious to commit so much to writing.

"Now, my Lord, rode over the country eight whole weeks, whereof he rested not above eleven days, in all those places whither he came. And know for certain, that, since this war first commenced against the French King, he never received such loss and mischiefs as he has in this last expedition: for the countries and good towns, which were laid waste at this time, supplied the French King every year toward the maintenance of his war, with more than half his revenue hath done beside; except the change of his money, which he maketh every year, and the profits and custom, which he taketh of the Poicterins; as I can shew by good records, which were found in divers towns in the collector's houses. Wherefore, by God's assistance,

ance, if my Lord had wherewithal to maintain this war, to the King his father's profit and to his own honour, he should greatly enlarge the English pale, and win many fair places; for our enemies are wonderfully astonished.—Dated at Bourdeaux, the Tuesday before Christmas."

Extracts from Sir John Wingfield's second Letter to Sir Richard Stafford.

"Right dear Sir, and truly loving Friend,—Touching news here, after your departure, you may understand, that we have taken and forced to yield five towns inclosed, also seventeen castles.

"The Lords, John Chandos and James Audeley, remain still with their troops in Chastel Sacret, and have plenty of victuals of all sorts, except only fresh fish and cabbages, as they have by letters advertised us. Wherefore you need not concern yourself about your men, &c.

"The Earl of Warwick hath been at Touneins, and at Clerac, which towns he took; and at the writing hereof, was gone towards Marmand. My Lord the Prince is now at Lebourne, and my Lord looks for news, which he should have; and, according to what he hears, he will behave himself: for, as it seems, he stands strictly upon his honour."

"Right dear Sir, I can recommend nothing to you more earnestly, than that you remember to send news yourself to my Lord, the Prince, as soon as by any means you can; and so the Lord grant you a long and good life.—Dated at Libourne, 21st January 1355-6." —(*Collins's Life of the Black Prince*, p. 49, 55.)

Note 55.]—The exceeding thickness of antient castle walls allows one to suppose that galleries might be sometimes concealed within, and we have for the strengthening of such an idea, the authority of a very learned antiquary—speaking of a castle wall, this gentleman says, "neither is there now remaining any enclosed gallery, going quite round the castle, within the thickness of the walls. But the vestiges of such a passage may very plainly be traced at the very top of the walls as they now stand; the walk which is there

there at present, sunk in the midst of the walls like a sort of channel, being most evidently the bottom part of such a gallery."—(*Mr. King on Antient Castles, Archæologia,* vol. iv.)

NOTE 56.]—It was the generous custom in Edward III.'s reign, for every private soldier to share largely in the spoils of war. Every man who had taken any captive had him clearly for himself, either to acquit, or ransom (*i. e.* liberate for a sum of money) him, at his pleasure. Excepting only the French King and his son, or whoever else was ransomed for more than ten thousand crowns. For by the law of arms, those whose redemption exceeded that sum belonged to the King.—(*Collins's Life of the Black Prince,* p. 100.)

NOTE 57.—In 1349, the year previous to the death of Philip de Valois, the Province of Dauphiné was added to France by Humbert II, upon condition that the eldest son of the King should ever afterwards bear the title of Dauphin.—(*Millot's Elémens de l'Histoire,* &c. p. 104.)

When John was taken prisoner at Poictiers, the Dauphin Charles his son was nearly twenty years of age. He was first constituted lieutenant of the kingdom, and afterwards made Regent, although green and unexpert in public business. This same Prince was afterwards called "the Wise," but says Collins, "it was, indeed, a most complimentary age, which could style Philip of Valois the *Fortunate,* and this King John, the *Good,* and his son Charles, whom no truce nor sacred oath could bind, the *Wise.*"—*Collins's Life of the Black Prince,* p. 87.)

NOTE 58.—King John de Valois was attended in his captivity by his youngest son, Philip, surnamed the Hardy. The royal youth was very courageous and forward in battle, but this name is supposed to have been given him from a circumstance not so generally known. When he was prisoner in England, his father, King John, being at King Edward's table at dinner, this

this young Prince, among the nobility of both nations, was appointed to wait; and on a young English nobleman's serving King Edward before his father, he hit him a box on the ear, saying, "what dare you serve the King of England first, when the King of France sits at the table?" The nobleman drew his dagger, and offered to strike the Prince, but King Edward loudly forbade him, and said to the royal youth, "vous êstes Phillippe le Hardi," *i. e.* thou art Philip the Hardy.—(*Collins's Life of the Black Prince*, p. 87.)

Note 59.]—Towards the close of the famous battle of Poictiers, the terror of the French was so great, that they fled in every direction—some rushed towards Poictiers pursued by small parties of the conquering English; the inhabitants alarmed closed the gates to save themselves, and shut out their friends, whereby several archers had each of them four, five, or six prisoners, who yielded without resistance.

But the Black Prince would not too far pursue the chase till he had completed the victory, by which time all of the common sort had quitted the field, and most of the quality were either slain or taken. The place of battle was left free to the English; the dead bodies to rely at the disposal of the conquerors; and more than a hundred warlike ensigns were brought away in triumph. When all were returned from the chase they found they had twice as many prisoners as themselves; whereof, besides the French King and his son, were many nobles and men at arms. Therefore, because of the great charge and danger of keeping so many, several of them were put immediately to ransom in the field; and so courteous were the English and Gascoignars, that many were let go on their faith and troth, to return, between that and Christmas, to Bourdeaux, with their appointed ransoms, which were very easy, the generous English saying,—*They would not set too high a price upon a knight or gentleman, but that he might still be able to live after his rank, and to follow the wars in an equipage agreeable to his quality.* But they

they were all enriched, as well by ransoming as by the spoil of the field, consisting of gold, silver, plate, and jewels, besides horses, armour, and what they found about the dead, which was costly, the French coming in their best furniture and apparel, as making sure of the day.—(*Collins's Life of the Black Prince*, p. 99, 100.)

END OF VOL. I.

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